NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 33.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

To-night a Free Benefit is given at the Park Theatre to Mr. Harrison, as the representative of the sufferers by the burning of the Bowery last Thursday week. In another column will be found Mr. Hamblin's Card, and also the correspondence between the friends of the two theatres, in relation to the benefit this evening. Let a house crowded from pit to dome demonstrate that New Yorkers are not backward in coming forward on such an occasion.

Here is the bill of the play: 1st and 2d Acts of *Cinderella*, in which Miss Horton and Miss Nelson appear. Dance from *The Naiades*, by Mlle. Auguste. *Loan of a Lover*, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley; and 2 Acts of *The Critic*—Puff by Mr. Abbott.

We must spare a line for Mrs. Keeley, who took a benefit on Wednesday evening last. This delightful actress gains upon the public nightly, and has drawn full houses throughout her engagement. Though not beautiful, according to classic models, her face is ever full of interest, and is capable of expressing every variety of feeling and passion. Her eyes are wonderfully expressive. Her whole manner is *natural*, to a degree that we have never witnessed in any other actress; and we know of no more complete triumph in her art, than the general interest and enthusiasm which she excites by mere good acting, unaided by rare personal beauty, or a popular line of characters. She is a study for all the profession, and the sooner our pretty sups. *go into training*, on this model, the sooner will they be able to "lead the business."

Her husband, too, is excellent in his way, and bursts more waistbands by his Peter Spyk than ever Jack Reeve did in the Mummy.

We did scarce justice last week to Mademoiselle Augusta. She is the most graceful *danceuse* we have had on our stage in five years, and exceedingly lovely in her person. Every one likes her dancing, and Mr. Simpson must re-engage her, or rather endeavor to offer inducements that will retain her altogether.

Miss Phillips took her leave of an American audience last Thursday at the National. Though her engagements in this country have not been so profitable as her friends had reason to anticipate, she has been everywhere a general favorite. They erred, however, in bringing her out so soon after the retirement from the stage of Miss Fanny Kemble. Had she arrived a year later, her beauty and talent would have won for her "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Miss Phillips is of Macready's school—Fanny Kemble of Kean's. The one you merely admire, while with the other you were astonished and delighted. The genius of the one flashed upon you with irresistible and startling energy; the artist-like gesture, the measured accent, and the studied expression of the other only pleased for a moment, and in a moment was forgotten. In the latter's acting you certainly discovered beauties, but they were ever the same; the former struck out original sources of pleasure in every scene, and each personation seemed more perfect and more beautiful than the last. The acting of the one was an exquisite display of the tact and talent of an *artiste*; that of the other the wayward impulses of a child of genius, undefinable and unapproached.

Miss P's style of acting is so devoid of clap-trap, and so chaste and unaffected, as to have won her many admirers, who will sincerely regret her return to her native land. Her character and accomplishments have made her a great favorite in society, and she will carry with her, wherever she goes, the kindest regards and the best wishes for her health and happiness, of thousands on this side of the Atlantic.

Wallack's benefit "came off" on Friday night, and the result was that he "distanced" all competitors in the amount of "the purse carried off."

The Maid of Cashmere, by Auber, and a grand ballet legendary opera it is, will be produced at the National on Monday, with not only new dresses, and all that sort of thing, but with new stars, and new people! Ceteste is to play *La Bayadere*, and Miss Watson, Morley, (a new man) and Plumer, represent the other principal characters. The ballet is to be led by Mons. and Madam Chekeni. Won't it be "a go?"

We understand that Watson is composing, and selecting from the works of Bellini, a New Grand Opera, written upon a popular tale by a hitherto successful American author, for the National theatre. Mrs. and Miss Watson, assisted by Plumer, Morley, and Brough, will form the chief attraction.

The little Franklin is said to be "crowded to death" nightly. Sefton is about to produce "*Jemmy Twitcher in Yankee Land!*" Then "what'll Mrs. Grundy say?"

Mr. Hamblin has advertised his furniture, plate, etc., for sale at auction. His loss by the destruction of the Bowery is generally estimated at $70,000. Still we hope and believe, he will be far from a poor man, after meeting all his responsibilities, which he has determined to do forthwith. He sustains his losses like a man; instead of setting down and brooding over his calamity, he is paying off his people to the last dollar, and taking effectual measures for the erection of a new theatre, that shall rise up like a phœnix from the flames, more beautiful, capacious, and costly than the last. We hear his plan has met with considerable encouragement, and have no doubt of his ultimate success in the re-building of his theatre. As a means of keeping his company together, would not a lease of the Richmond Hill theatre for a few months answer that end? If the corps would lease it themselves, and manage its affairs prudently, there is little doubt the speculation would pay handsomely.

Miss Clifton opens at the Tremont, Boston, on Monday next. The editors of that city pretend that some of the New York critics were so carried away by ecstacy on the night of her recent benefit, that they could only be resuscitated by being tossed in a blanket! "That's flat burglary!" Let the Bostonians look to themselves, for the lady is one whose

——"Beauty hangs upon the ear of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

Among other stars recently arrived from Europe, are Constance Kepler, (sister to Celeste), and *Master* Burke—he shall be "*Mister* Burke" no longer.

"Jim Crow."—The performance of the American actor, Mr. Rice, who is jumping Jim Crow at the Surrey theatre, London, has induced in the *Satirist* an explanatory letter *quasi*, from Mr. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The following extract shows the impudence of the assailants of the British Ministry:—

To the Editor of the London Satirist.

Dear Sir,—Be so good, then, as to inform the public that I am not that Mr. Rice, who is now performing at the Surrey in nigger characters. I am told that *that* Mr. Rice is a person of some ability, which renders it the more desirable that the public should be disabused. The truth is, I have been so badgered lately about the stamp bill and other matters, that I haven't had time to think of accepting any other engagement than the one I now hold; nor, to speak honestly, do I think it would answer the purpose of any management to engage me; for though I certainly do contrive to "draw" a good deal of money in my capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer, yet I do not wish to assume too much of the merit to myself. Having the strong arm of the law to assist me, the process of picking the people's pockets becomes of course comparatively easy. But besides that my present berth is extremely comfortable and reasonably productive, I do not pretend to lay much claim to the possession of theatrical ability. I know a little of ledgerdemain, the thimble rig, and a few juggler's tricks, common to most Chancellors of the Exchequer; but, beyond these, I profess myself an extremely ignorant man. The Surrey Mr. Rice is reported to exhibit considerable comic talent, and I myself do some funny things sometimes, but there, I believe, the likeness ends between us. Your's ever, SPRING RICE.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE PROPOSED.

A prospectus for the establishment of an Italian Opera House in this city has been shown to us, and in our opinion it is one that promises success. The proposal is to engage an Operatic company, which for talents and merit shall equal any company in Europe, with a *prima donna* of acknowledged reputation and abilities, together with a first rate *corps de ballet*, provided sufficient encouragement be given to warrant such an undertaking. In order to give every *amateur* an opportunity of contributing his mite towards the support of so refined and intellectual an amusement, the subscription is fixed at $50 per annum, for which he will receive 50 tickets, which are to be transferable. 2500 subscribers, at the above rate, will produce $125,000, which will pay the rent of theatre, salaries of performers, lights, &c. &c. The proceedings arising from the sale of tickets to non-subscribers will be divided among the subscribers. Mr. Niblo has offered to build a large and convenient edifice on his premises to contain 2500 or 3000 people, for the use of the company.

We hope this project will receive the favorable consideration of our citizens. The reputation and talents of the projectors, Messrs. Sconscia and Gambardella, are a sufficient guarantee of the future success of an Opera after it is once established on the above plan. Let every individual interested in the encouragement and success of the divine art of music, immediately come forward, and take one, two, or more shares, according to his pecuniary abilities, and ere another twelvemonth shall have rolled round, the citizens of New York will have an opportunity of seeing Malibran, Grisi, Taglioni, and other celebrated artists of Europe.

The *corps de ballet* is a feature in this new proposal, which therefore varies somewhat from the plan laid down in the Opera that has just failed in our city:—and it is a feature which secures the attendance and the interest of the multiude who take no great pleasure in music. It will thus materially contribute to tessen the expenses. Those who do not love the music for the ear, will then have lan opportunity to *see* the music of the feet, as some one has somewhere said.

Express.

THE "WASHED OUT" ONE.

Air—"*We Met.*"

I played, 'twas at the Park, and my first night was Fazio,
And never did the boxes a brighter array show;
I thought to hit them hard, that I will not dissemble,
The debut of the "*washed out*," and Miss Fanny Kemble;
I wore my sweetest dress, and I *must* say looked charming,
But soon I heard a sound that was somewhat alarming;
They said it was a *hiss*—but they said so to flout one—
'Twas merely the *musquitoe's whiz*, round the "*washed out*" one.

And once again I played, 'twas to dear Fanny's Juliet;
And louder grew the *whiz*—for the nights *were not cold yet*;
My dagger I had lost, when in rage quite uncivil,
She told my *pisoned* body to go to the devil;
And she became a bride! all the sweet creatures *so go*;
While I—got my discharge! Simpson said it was "*no go*,"
And now I write critiques, and abuse all about one,
A crushed child of Genius! The wretched "*washed out*" one.

Louisville City Gazette.

"The Girls Up-Town."—We have received an intimation that certain cupid-mouthed spinsters, and other "ladies fair, who grace the famous city," of an Eastern State, have incontinently resolved to "cut out" our facetious and graceful correspondents, "*The Girls Up-town*," by writing us familiar epistles upon the flash and fashion of the day, that will make our readers dance for joy. We hear our intended correspondents are beautiful as houris, and accomplished every one as a Stael or a Corinne. We trust they will not esteem us a bluff old bachelor, and treat us like an old Sir Charles Grandison; for if there is a wicked Widow Wadman in the coterie, we hereby covenant and agree to be as gallant as Uncle Toby, provided the first letter does not "do our business," while the other damsels may rely upon our doing our prettiest. If they would "cut out" the three "Girls Up-town," however, they must be merry as grigs, and gay as larks—yea, "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," for

——"A merrier *crew*,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

"Hallo, mister, I guess you have had your load weighed, hain't you?" bawled out a boy near our shop a few days since, as a man was removing a *deck load of rocks* from a load of hay. The best evidence, perhaps, of the man's honesty was, that he got into a violent *passion*. Bangor Mechanic.

We were much amused at the advice one Johnny Raw gave to another, on board a steamboat. "Ephraim," said he, "you had better look out for your boots to-night, or these fellows (the bootblacks) will get them, and I'll be darned if you get them again without paying ninepence; so you had better put them under your pillow, the way I do. Bangor Farmer.

Filial Affection.—"John," said a little urchin to his brother, "you must come home." "What for?"—"Daddy's dead." "Oh, is that all?"

An Honest Gambler.—A person in the habit of drinking very freely, being troubled with a sore leg, was advised by a physician to send for a pint of brandy to wash it with. After obtaining the brandy, he came to the conclusion to throw up a copper to decide whether he should drink it or use it for his leg—it was head for his mouth, and tail for his leg—it turning out to be the latter, he gravely exclaimed, "*I bar that toss.*"

Ledy Blessington says that a tedious visitor ought to make a good lady's tradesman, because he is sure to be a "*staymaker.*"

A country magistrate being asked what was meant by a minor canon, answered, "I suppose it means a pistol or gun."

An eccentric genius stepping into the door of a house, observed to the landlady, "Will you, ma'am, give me a drink of water, for I'm so hungry I don't know where to stay to-night." We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

As a match to the above, give the following:—A ragged customer stepped in a tavern early one morning, and exclaimed, "Landlord! landlord! do give me some breakfast, for I've had nothing to eat since yesterday, and to-morrow will be *the third day.*"

In a Bad Box.—A man pretty *comfortably* drunk, was holding on to a post at Burling slip, when a friend enquired what was the matter.—"Matter?" said the fellow, "I am in a quandary." "What do you mean by a quandary?" asked his friend. "Why, if I hold on here, I shall freeze to death, and if I let go, I shall fall into the dock!"

The New-York papers say that Dinneford offered Forrest the entire receipts of the house any night he would play in Albany, merely to gratify the great desire of the people there to see him. What of that? We offered him the entire receipts of the Lion theatre, if he would stop until November and play there one night, and *the privilege of giving away as many tickets as he liked!!*

Boston Post.

The Shade of Crockett.—The following call for a "Bear Hunt" appears in the New Hampshire Spectator:—

Look here Charley!!
Never go to muster, but always look to the
VARMINT!

An old bear has been for some weeks past, perambulating the region round about Moose Mountain, committing "sundry and divers" depredations or acts much against the peace and harmony of the good and pious citizens of this section, therefore *Resolved*, That it is the duty of all "true patriots," to congregate at Union Hall, East Lebanon, on Tuesday, 6th inst., to devise "ways and means" for the dislodgment of *Old Bruin*, the malefactor above mentioned!—*Don't vary!*

An Affectionate Man.—The Editor of the Portland Times says: "We yield to no one in our affection for beans."

Twins.—A brother editor says he has been presented with a cabbage as big as his head.

A Sporting Anecdote.—The National Eagle tells a good story of a young gunner, who, while ranging over the fields one day, and seeing a large black object on a stone wall, which he took for some non-descript tenant of the woods, crept slowly and cautiously along through the bushes till he got, as he thought, "pretty considerable near." Tick hoong!—it fell from the wall, and our sportsman, upon running up to prevent its getting away, crawling into a hole, &c., found that he had put a nice double grist of buck shot into a new beaver hat, which a gentleman, who was reclining in the shade at a short distance, had placed there. The hat was of course knocked into the middle of next week—spoilt—and the gunner's gunning was spoilt for ever. He has barely been within the smell of gunpowder since, and having a mortal antipathy to black beavers, always sports a white one. Boston Trans.

An Assistant Editor.—On entering our sanctum this morning, says the editor of the Boston Transcript, we found that it had been invaded by a good-natured loafer, who, in return for a morning's nap in our elbow chair, left on our table the subjoined note. We recognise in it the sobriquet and hand-writing of a great wag, who rises much too early for his health, and usually calls upon us once in a twelvemonth or so, for a cart-load of newspapers, to enliven the tedium of an India voyage when he is tired of pruning his whiskers. On his return, he takes a good many liberties with his friends; and taking possession of the chair editorial before the lawful occupant is abroad in the morning, and reading out all the news from the papers, is one of them. Here is his very pretty note. The last paragraph is what we look at:—

"'Bob's' compliments to the editor, and wishes to know if he is in want of any editorial assistance. Bob begs leave to say that he has on hand a very choice assortment of 'mysterious' stories, which are ready for publication whenever the editor is in want of a paragraph.

"7, A. M. Time for folks to be up and about their business."

A gentleman subject to the visitation of thieves in his orchards, procured from a hospital the leg of a subject, which he placed one evening in his garden, and next morning sent the crier round the town to announce that "the owner of the leg left in Mr- ——'s grounds, might receive it upon application." He was never robbed again.

Suicide of a Dog.—The United States Gazette of yesterday has a story about a dog of superior intelligence, and untimely death, the substance of which is as follows:—

The dog in question was a superb fellow in form and outward attraction, as he was amiable and intelligent. He had endeared himself to his master, and, by dint of long suffering and devotion, to his mistress, who was no lover of his kind. His master resided near the Norristown and Philadelphia Rail Road.—Cæsar lived comfortably and at his ease, attached to the family that gave him a home, and guarding them with the fidelity of his species. He was a dog of some fire and deviltry, and liked an occasional frolic; albeit his general deportment was staid, sober, and an example to all of his race. One day he was eyeing the poultry in the yard, and the mounting devil in his heart prompted him to make a dash among them. He yielded to the tempter, pounced upon the luckless fowls, and killed one outright. The deed was witnessed by his mistress, who proceeded incontinently to inflict corporeal chastisement on the murderer. He was belabored with a broomstick until he howled for pain. It was supposed that the punishment would cure him for ever of the habit of killing chickens. So it did. But it did more. From that moment Cæsar was an altered dog. The pangs of his spirit were greater than the pangs of his body.—He became low spirited, listless, and indifferent to the caresses, to obtain which he would once have wagged himself out of his skin. The iron had entered into his soul. He had forfeited the good opinion of those he most loved. A few days after his disgrace, he walked out to the rail road, about the time when the train was wont to pass by. A few minutes elapsed, and the cars came thundering on. He gave one look towards his old home, then laid his neck on the rail, and in a few moments Cæsar was beyond shame or insult.

The Wandering Piper.—This celebrated personage is at present in Dunbar on the east coast of Scotland, and is a great favorite. The mystery concerning his birth and parentage no one can solve, and on that account he is the object of the greatest curiosity. He is dressed in the Highland garb. The money he collects he gives to the poor. London Times, Aug. 20.

Then the chap who has been coming the humbug over the gullible Yankees is not *the* "Wandering Piper" after all, but only a forgery. So we always said. The real Simon Pure is reported a gentleman. The fellow who is strolling about the United States has no pretensions to that character. Boston Transcript.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY.

In last Saturday's paper we gave a bare and hurried statement of the destruction of the Bowery theatre by fire on Thursday morning, the 22d ult., and now add a few particulars. A New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes to the following effect:—

The Bowery Theatre is again in ruins! The fire was discovered this morning about 5 o'clock, bursting through the roof, in about the centre of the house. It was a long time before the engines arrived, and when they got there, it was too late for them to be of service. Before an hour and a half expired, nothing but burning embers and the front pillars marked the spot where the magnificent Bowery stood. It is a remarkable fact, that the only articles saved from the flames were an old piano and mirror, which were the *only relics* saved when the theatre was before burnt down.

Every article of scenery, decoration, dress, properties, all, all gone. Mr. Hamblin's loss cannot be short of $80,000, and his policy of insurance only expired on the 19th, and *had not been renewed*—he being quite ill. The performers and musicians, heave each and all lost their dresses, properties, instruments, and music, Woodhull only, having saved about $80 worth—Gates has not, as he says, "even a stocking left, which is a bad scratch"—Harrison has expended heavy sums in furnishing a magnificent wardrobe for his wife—all of which, together with his own, are gone.

Upwards of $5000 have been expended on Lafitte, which was produced in great magnificence, and besides the whole interior of the house had been elegantly refitted within a week at a heavy expense. Mr. Hamblin *looks* easy, common sense can tell how he feels. He was to start to day on a long journey for his health, as he is quite an invalid, and would probably have been in Boston on Saturday. Now I suppose he must give up his part of sick man. He said to me this morning, "What day of the month is this? Well, in 60 days we can *refit*, and then we'll have *Lafitte* with new scenery, machinery, and decorations, as they say in the bills." So you see Tom has some of the pluck of his predecessor Gilfert, and if his health will permit, I believe he will accomplish what he says.

P. S. I have just heard that Hamblin ordered Hackett to insure for him in London after his policy expired here. I hope he has done it, but he has not yet had advices from Hackett that it has been effected.

We learn from the Journal of Commerce that the fire is supposed to have caught from the wadding of some guns which had been fired in the performance of the previous evening. In five minutes after the alarm was given, the flames burst through the roof, and all hope of extinguishing them was abandoned. The original edifice was erected in 1826, and burnt on the 28th of May, 1828. The building now destroyed was commenced soon after, on an enlarged scale, and has stood about seven years.

On the evening previous to the fire, one of the actresses, a Miss Waring, during the performance, fell from a platform, and was so severely injured, that her life is considered in danger.

Miss Waring is out of danger. Mr. Harrison was the first individual that got inside of the theatre, and after desperate efforts, succeeded in saving a few valuable papers, etc. Little or no expectation exists of Hackett's having got the theatre insured in London. The adjoining buildings were but slightly injured.

The "Express" of Monday gives the annexed particulars:—

So many have been the reports concerning the origin of the conflagration, that it appears unsafe to trust to any; all, however, agree, that a scene more awfully sublime is seldom beheld. The flames which enwrapt the building were so remarkably vivid, fierce and spiral, that they seemed the very soul or spirit of the classic writing, the fervid talent and brilliant genius which distinguished it. The mighty tongues of fire rushed exulting upwards in a direct line, as if disdaining to be fed on any grosser fuel. For a length of time the solid pediment resisted their terrible embrace, and the American Eagle, that magnificent piece of gilded carving full 25 feet from wing to wing, which was presented to Mr. Hamblin by an association of gentlemen, seemed soaring, phœnix like, above a bed of fire and flame. At last it fell with a tremendous crash, and as an instance of the interest felt for the concern, it was cut into a thousand bits and showered as a relic among the spectators. Around, and only a little removed, were hundreds of pale, anxious faces, gazing on the destruction of all they owned on earth; musicians lamenting their instruments, carpenters their tools, actors their property, while the energetic, bustling firemen rushed here and there, striving to save what the owners could but deplore. The calmest face in the whole mass was Hamblin's, who stood steadily by, more engrossed in warning the bystanders to be aware of the falling bricks, than absorbed in grief for the event which was destroying all the nobly earned gains of his talent, his enterprise, and his industry. We heard him asked repeatedly for how much he was insured, and his quiet reply of "*Not for a dollar*," excited alike our wonder and admiration. From the balcony of a house almost opposite, Miss Medina watched the progress of the fire, and as she looked on at the total destruction of all her works of genius and their richly merited reward, her countenance, lit only by the lurid light of flame, presented as strong a picture of agony and despair as ever her fertile fancy depicted in her writings. At this moment the incidents in the life of this distinguished dramatic authoress are doubly interesting. At present, Miss Medina is about 23 years of age. She was born of Spanish parents. Her father was a merchant of extensive commercial connexions, and at one time, owner of shipping in almost every important port in Europe. His business, however, as we are informed, was overdone, and fortune too soon was followed up by its unhappy reverse. Miss Medina was, therefore, at an early age, left to the care of distant relatives, who were little interested in her intellectual advancement. She had, however, a natural love of literature, and well understood the wise maxim her own studies had taught her, "That every one is the architect of their own fortune"—(*Quiquæ sæ fortunæ faber*).—The studies of Miss Medina were peculiar for one of her sex, and consisted chiefly in the bold, masculine studies usually adopted by the male rather than by the female student. At the age of twelve, she was a successful contributor to one of the London Annuals, and at her father's death, we are told by one who better knows her character than ourselves, Miss Medina was "mistress of the dead languages, an accurate logician, and a good algebraist." Three years of her life, from fourteen to seventeen, were spent in the improvement of her mind in Ireland, France, and Spain. Three years since, she came for the first time to America, here to live and win a character by her talents and her industry. Her time so far, has been spent as a teacher of French and Spanish, a contributor to our literary publications, and as a dramatic authoress. In the latter capacity, she has been known but a short time, but yet long enough to win for her a reputation as enduring as it truly deserved.

We have great pleasure in laying before our readers the subjoined correspondence relative to a *free benefit* for the Bowery sufferers, proposed to be given this evening by Edmund Simpson, Esq., the manager of the Park theatre. The good feeling that prompted Mr. Simpson thus early to step forward, unsolicited, and volunteer his aid in the relief of the misfortunes of a rival establishment, carries its own reward along with it. It does honor to the profession, of which he is "a well deserving pillar," and to himself.

New York, 23d September, 1836.

Dear Sir,—The late distressing calamity by which the Bowery theatre has been destroyed, and so many individuals deprived of their means of subsistence, is felt as a great misfortune by the friends of the Drama in this city, but by none more so than the manager of the Park theatre. On his behalf, and by his desire, the undersigned tender you in his name a free benefit at his establishment on Saturday evening, October 1st, in aid of the sufferers belonging to the company of the late Bowery theatre.

Very respectfully
Your obedient servants,
M. M. NOAH.
HENRY OGDEN,
GEO. P. MORRIS.

To Thomas Harrison, Esq.,
Stage Manager at the Bowery theatre.

To which Mr. Harrison returned the following reply:—

New York, Sept. 23, 1836.

Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned, beg leave, in the name of the acting company, orchestra, and artists lately engaged at the Bowery theatre, to return our obliged thanks for the interest you express in our behalf, and gratefully to accept the offer of Mr. Simpson, the Park Manager, made to us through you, for a free benefit at his theatre on Saturday, the 1st Oct. Feeling assured, as we do, that our interest cannot be in better hands, we leave to yourselves all arrangements connected with the Night's Bill, only requesting that if any of our services can be acceptable on that occasion, we may be called on to render them. We are, gentlemen,

Your obliged servants,
H. B. HARRISON, A. JAMESON,
T. H. BLAKELY, W. DUVERNEY.
W. F. GATES, C. LEHR.

To M. M. Noah, Henry Ogden, Geo. P. Morris.

In consequence of the foregoing correspondence, the benefit will be given as above stated. The box book is now open, and seats may be secured at the box office.

Various rumors are in circulation as to a new theatre, its location, character, etc, but Mr. Hamblin's proposition, which is annexed, we like as well as any that we have heard. We give it a place with pleasure. We opposed him in prosperity, but now he is surrounded with difficulties, we put our shoulder to the wheel to relieve him, with the utmost sincerity and heartiness.

CARD OF THOS. S. HAMBLIN TO THE PUBLIC.

The destruction of the Bowery theatre by fire, on Thursday morning, has involved almost all the property which I had acquired under your liberal patronage by the indefatigable exertions of many years, and was in itself sufficient to have paralyzed the energies of any man less accustomed than myself to meet and repel the vicissitudes of fortune. The warm encouragement given me on all sides in relation to the rebuilding of that establishment—the admirable and profitable position on which it stood—the most public and frequented in the city—the tender of individual co-operation—the knowledge of what has been done by New York, almost unaided, in her recent great calamity—and the interest which the owners of surrounding property have in the rebuilding of the theatre, assures me that I shall receive all the aid necessary to revive that establishment, upon a scale of greater splendor and magnificence. With this view I proceed to submit my plan to the public.

Frequent surprise has been expressed, both here and abroad, that New York, decidedly the most theatrical city in the Union, should never have had an Amphitheatre raised here, similar to ASTLEY'S in London. Such a building would embrace all the purposes of legitimate drama, ballet, and gorgeous show—would afford a ring for equestrian performances for a part of the season, and for the superb display of foreign animals in Oriental processions, would give the widest scope to the machinic effect of melo drama, would, in a word, combine the classic temple with the open arena, the stage with the institute. It is well known that no theatre in London congregates the nobility and gentry so much as Astley's; and yet Astley's itself is inferior to what I hope to make the Bowery.

I propose, therefore, to form an association similar to the one owning the Opera House in this city, the stock of which shall consist of one hundred shares, of one thousand dollars each. Being the lessee of the ground, the above amount will be sufficient to rebuild theatre, with all the necessary scenery, wardrobe and properties. I guarantee to the holders of said stock eight per cent. per annum, and shall execute in addition to the trustees' and at my own cost, *a full policy of insurance*, until I shall be enabled to purchase the whole stock. It is contemplated to make the Amphitheatre accommodate three thousand persons.

It is hardly necessary for me to say any thing in relation to my capacity to superintend and direct such an establishment; I refer to the last seven years, in which I received at the Bowery theatre nearly eight hundred thousand dollars; and to the fidelity with which I have discharged all my personal obligations, the proof of which is, that there is not a solitary claim against me that I cannot immediately discharge.

Arrangements will be made to carry this plan into effect, as soon as the necessary drawings and designs can be completed, which will be in a few days; and I contemplate, by the first of January next, to open the new house, in a manner worthy the metropolis of the Union, and the liberality of a New York audience.

THOS. S. HAMBLIN.

A PARTING HOUR.

By the late Mrs. Fletcher.

I sate with one I love last night,
She played to me an olden strain;
In other days it brought delight—
Last night, but pain.

Last night I watched the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimmed the ether blue;
I turned and sought their sister eyes,
Clouds dimmed them too.

Yet all around was bright and calm,
Was calm and beautiful as ever;
We saw, but could not feel the balm—
Can those who sever.

We paced along our favorite walk,
We paced in silence, broken-hearted;
We could but weep—we durst not talk,
And thus we parted.

Oh! grief can give the blight of years—
The stony impress of the dead;
We looked farewell through blighting tears,
And then hope fled.

Miscellanies.

LONDON CITY FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

Walking Dress.—Coat, waistcoat, and trousers, hat, and gloves; the coat of cloth, the waistcoat of ditto, and the trousers of duck, or some other light article. Evening dress the same as the walking dress, but with *no* coat; in the very warm evenings, *no waistcoat*. Young Hobler, who is perhaps a bit of an *ultra* exquisite, has gone so far as to add, *no shirt*—in the skittle-ground, in particular. *No shirt* is a pleasing and agreeable fashion, which is much followed by some of the young nobs of the Cockney aristocracy. A cap of elegant brown paper is sometimes worn, but this is considered full dress, and is only to be met with at some of the tip-top beer parties in the City. Pocket-handkerchiefs have gone quite out, and long nails have come in as an elegant, and certainly a most convenient substitute. Socks are also very much worn, and, among others, Lord Winchester wears his socks six weeks together without changing them. Garters have come in again. They are of various materials, but list seems to be the favorite. There are a few knitted garters worn, and these have a pleasing motto upon them. Scales, junior, has had a splendid pair prepared for him, with the words, "go it, my young un," richly emblasoned across them in a fine red worsted. The shoes most in fashion are the 'strong boys', at about 4s. 6d. the pair. Iron heels are not so much worn as they used to be, but tenpenny tacks are quite the go: these are considered the very pink of fashion.

Ladies' Dresses.—Morning dress, a gown; evening dress, a gown; walking dress, a gown and a bonnet—sometimes a shawl is added; but when it is not worn, it is of course not added. Hats are worn with full brims; and, in the warm weather, pots of porter are *full in the brim* likewise. Flounces are coming in again, and green boots are very fashionable, especially on the other side of Waterloo Bridge. It may be necessary to observe, that when the gown is white it is not black, and when it is black it is not white. The little boys' fashions are particularly neat: pinafores of stout Holland, and little blue jackets to correspond.

Figaro in London.

ENGLISH POLITICAL RACES.

The above caricature is emblematical of a race that has lately been run between the Whig mule, and the Tory donkey; the former being ridden by Melbourne, and the latter by Lyndhurst, both remarkable for being up to all the tricks of and turns of jockeyship. The Whig mule was got by Humbug out of Reform—and its *dam*, or *damn*, is Lethargy, out of Treasury. The Tory donkey is got by Roguery, out of Corruption, and we cannot name its *dam*, as it is known not to be worth a *damn* at all. The Tory donkey is own brother to Knavery, and in fact its pedigree comprises the longest train of thoroughbred donkies that ever was brought together. The race was for a sweepstakes of popularity, and the betting was in a frightful state—both of the beasts being *any thing but* the favorite. Five thousand pounds to a halfpenny against either, or against both, went actually begging, though there were a few takers on the Tory side, among men who have abundance of money, and seem very much disposed to lose it. The reason of the betting being against both *beasts*, was simply this, that it was universally expected neither would be able to reach the winning-post, and gain the price of popularity. It is true that the Whig mule had once or twice managed to get there, but never without having been spurred on most furiously by the populace, when it has made a temporary effort, and succeeded in gaining the winning-post. But in the generality of cases it has gibbed, drawn back, sidled, and shuffled, so as very seldom to have reached its destination. The Tory donkey never was known, except by a *false start* now and then, ever to approach by at least a mile the goal of popularity. On reaching the race-course, the jockies, Melbourne and Lyndhurst, were *both weighed*, and strange to say, they *were both found wanting*. They were consequently both obliged to carry *dead weights* to make up the deficiency. At starting, Melbourne took the lead, and ran over a Bishop in glorious style, sending the Bight Rev. Father in God head over heels, and making him stand bolt upright upon his head on the top of his mitre, like an inverted pyramid. Betting became at this moment eleven hundred to six upon Melbourne. However, confidence soon began to decline, for Melbourne drew back upon discovering what he had run over, instead of boldly bounding over it. It would be uninteresting to give all the petty details of this dismal race—suffice it to say, that *both have lost*, and that Lyndhurst has positively contrived to get nearer to his point than his antagonist could succeed in accomplishing. The caricature alone may be truly pronounced to be *racey*, and the humor of our artist *inex horse-stable*. Indeed, if we wished to patronise Epsom Races, where it is usual to *run for the plate*, we could not give a more valuable *plate* to be run for than the *plate* which embellishes this week's Figaro.

Figaro in London, 20th Aug.

An Awkward Mistake.—At a public dinner which took place at Edinburgh last week, in honor of Campbell, the poet, that gentleman, in proposing the health of Professor Wilson, stated that when John Wilson, the ornithologist, went to America, he was mistaken for his namesake the poet, landed amidst the clapping of hands all over New Orleans, and was walking into the interior of the country in great state. But the Americans, on being told by the said John Wilson that he was not the great John Wilson, turned round upon him with great indignation, and were going to tar and feather him.

Notion of Honor in the Profession of the Law.—Serjeant Davy being once called to account on the Western Circuit for disgracing the profession by accepting silver from a client, he replied: "I took silver, because I could not get gold; but I took every sixpence the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

Mr. W. Burns, a bookbinder in Hatton Garden, was accidentally hung on Thursday, while practising some gymnastic exercises, to which he was partial, with a rope, which got entangled round his neck.

MR. FORREST IN ENGLAND.

Theatricals.—We were as convinced as of our political existence, that Mr. Willis Jones would have nothing whatever to do with Covent Garden Theatre. We stated this in the most positive manner on Sunday last, and we are now enabled to confirm it. At the same time, when we published this prediction, or rather assertion, we had no idea that Mr. Jones was intent upon having an interest in one or other of the two large theatres, and certainly not that there was any likelihood of his vesting such interest in Drury Lane. The simple fact turns out that Bunn has completely jockied Osbaldiston, and has secured to himself one of the greatest cards that has lately been played in London. Mr. Willis Jones having sometime since entered into a compact with the celebrated American Tragedian, Mr. Forrest, to produce him on one of the principal London theatres, together with the original plays in which he has made so great a hit in transatlantic lands, has entered into an arrangement with Bunn for the use of Drury Lane Theatre for such purpose; and in the event of Mr. Forrest making the hit in London which is so fully anticipated, Mr. Jones is empowered to have a given number of nights throughout the season, for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Forrest in the range of his principal characters. We do not know, and have no desire to enquire into the pecuniary arrangements between Bunn and Willis Jones; but we hear they are extremely liberal on both sides, and will no doubt end in ample remuneration to all parties concerned.

From every report we have heard, Mr. Forrest is a young man of most extraordinary abilities, and by the exercise of them has already amassed a large fortune in his native country. He is stated to possess a noble figure, and considered one of the finest men that has ever appeared on the stage, and gifted with a powerful mind and every possible requisite for his profession. The "hiatus histrionicus," left by the death of Kean and the retirement of Young, is therefore at length likely to be filled up, and the playgoer no longer be subjected to the tricky attempts or drowsy fulminations of the brace of bravoes who have lately been sickening him on the boards of Covent Garden.

We distinctly stated our belief that Bunn would not let the grass grow under his feet as soon as he resumed the Lesseeship of Drury Lane, but we did not see any chance of his trampling over it at this rate. There is now every prospect of even a more brilliant season than the last; and in heartily wishing it, we cannot omit paying Mr. Jones a compliment for the desire and determination he has manifested to furnish such a first rate attraction to the British Stage.

Having completed this important arrangement, Bunn has started for Berlin and Paris, and Constantinople, and Timbuctoo, from which places he purposes to import into the good city of London all the valuable commodities he can meet with in his travels. In the event, therefore, of Mr. Forrest making a grand "coup," (which it is universally believed he will make), and of Bunn launching out another *Jewess*, (which he is reported to have found) we shall be particularly glad to know on what day Osbaldiston means to open, and on what day he means to close. He has returned from Boulogne *pro. tem.*, and in defiance of Mr. Ewing and his *qui tam* actions, has been enacting *Jane Shore* and other "legitimacy" at Sadler's Wells Theatre, a degree of fool-hardiness you would not suppose a man in his senses to be guilty of. He has, however, one comfort in the midst of all his calamities, which no other man can boast the possession of, and that is—he has the comfort of being obliged to pay Macready £40 a week, and Farren, for himself and family, £58 a week.

London Age.

LONDON POLICE.

Marylebone.—*Honeymoon Miseries.*—Simon Bullman, a small Methodist "clicker," was summoned by his wife Mary, for having put her into bodily fear. The lady who was likewise well stricken in years and twice the size of her helpmate, declared that though she had only been a very short time the better half of Mr. Bullman, yet his conduct to her was so violent, that she was compelled to bring him before the bench as a preliminary step to their separation. The defence of the husband was, that he had more cause to be alarmed at his wife than his wife at him. She was bigger and stronger than he, and although she had done all she could to aggravate him to strike her, yet, for good and prudent reasons, he had abstained, and he defied her to say, in all their matrimonial squabbles, he had exhibited anything beyond an exemplification of "passive resistance." "But," concluded Mr. Bullman, "I'll emigrate as a wolunteer to Spain, before I'll live with her again."

Magistrate—How came you to marry, if you do not intend to live with your wife?

Husband, (shaking his head). I was betrayed. She seduced me; my mind was against having her, but she overpowered me.

Magistrate—How long have you been married?

Husband, (sighing). It will be a whole fortnight next Saturday.

Magistrate—And pray, how long were you acquainted before marriage?

Husband—More than a month. I met her promiscuously in the street, and she told me she'd been a widow fifteen years, and I told her I'd been a widower more than twenty. Then, says she, you're the only man in the world I could set my affections on. But she took me in; she said she'd got money in the Bank of England, but she hadn't got a dump.

Wife.—Why, you poor beggarly fellow, how dare you say I took you in.—Didn't you tell me you had £50 a year for life? and on the day we were married, didn't you come to my lodgings, which I'd furnished myself, and only bring your nightcap? Yes, your worship, that nightcap is every rag of his property that I've set eyes on since we've been married.

Husband—You said you loved me so well, you'd take me without a shirt to my back, you know you did. What business had you to offer to marry me when we hadn't been acquainted a week. If you'd known me longer you wouldn't have married me, I can tell you.

Wife—Give me my furniture, and I never want to see your ugly face again.

The Magistrate, finding the dialogue was not likely to be soon ended, called on the husband's grown-up daughter, and told her as her father would not make up matters, it would perhaps be better if he again returned to his family. The daughter frankly admitted that there was as much fault on one side as the other. The old people would get married, and on the wedding night they got drunk, and began to quarrel, when the wife catching up a bootjack, nearly knocked her spouse's nose into schedule A with it.

Royal Family Interview.—The *Morning Post* says, that the interview between the King and the Duke of Sussex, on Wednesday last, was *peculiarly* interesting, owing to its being the first time the brothers had met since the recent operation on the Royal Duke. We are aware that it was a most interesting turn out, and as we were privileged, as a mutual friend of the parties, to be present, we shall straightway furnish the particulars. Immediately on the Duke of Sussex entering the room where the King was, a fraternal hugging and squeezing commenced, which found at last a vent in a double hornpipe, performed by the royal relatives with great taste and spirit. This being concluded, "Tip us your fin," was the first speech addressed by the King to his august brother, who gave his grappling iron to his sovereign with much cordiality. The interview, however, was so—yes, so very—interesting, that we shall give the dialogue that passed between them:—The King—Well, Sussey, my boy, here you are with your eye out. The Duke—Yes, Billy, my bufler, I've had a regular cataract of the Ganges in my peepers; but Alexander the Great has taken it off. The King—And how did he manage to remove a *cataract*? I suppose he *pumped* it dry. The Duke—Oh, you pump, they couched it of course. The King—Ah, yes, I see now; they took it out and put *it on a sofa*—that's *couching* it of course. The Duke—Oh, you fool! The King—Ah, I see now. The Duke—So do I see now. Here this interesting conversation was broken off by the entrance of some sponge cakes and chocolate.

Figaro in London.

Hum-Bugging.—In the Crown Court, at Gloucester, on Friday week, the following occurred, as Mr. Bellamy was calling over the names of the jurors:—A gentleman, who had his right eye quite closed up, and who had a great deal of swelling and inflammation all round it, said, "My Lord, I hope your Lordship will excuse me, as I am in so much pain." Mr. Bellamy; "My Lord, this gentleman wishes to be excused; he appears to have received some very severe injury in the eye." Mr. Justice Patteson: "What is the matter with your eye, Sir?" The juror: "My Lord, I have been terribly bitten by the bugs" [immense laughter]. Mr. Justice Patteson: "You may go home, I will excuse you from all further attendance." The juror then left the Court.

Old Nick in a Liberal Fit.—A woman in Russia was brought to bed a short time ago of five daughters, who are all doing well; and the Emperor ordered her five hundred rubles, and desired that she should *want for nothing*. This is a cheap way of *wanting*, certainly—*for nothing*. Why Old Nick encourages population is pretty clear—he likes subjects to practice his vigor upon, and of course with him it is the more the merrier. We have no doubt the liberality of the Emperor came to the fruitful mother just in the *Nick* of time. We wonder that his bounty amounted to so large a sum, for of course, when we consider his name and his habits, we should have thought that the liberality of *Old Nick* must be *Nicks* (*Nix*). However, this is merely an observation, *en passant*. The Emperor's principles we always knew were favorable to any thing in the shape of *confinement*.

Appropriate Enough.—The Duke of Cumberland has embarked for the Continent in the *Fire Brand* steam-packet. The agent of Old Nick could not possibly have selected a more appropriate conveyance. We hope the *sea* is insured; not that even the Fire-brand Duke would ever set the Thames on fire. It is only when he gets to *Grave's*-end he becomes dangerous.

Applying the Governor to Runaway Horses.—An ingenious plan for stopping runaway horses in carriages, &c., has been suggested, viz., the application of a Governor, as in a steam-engine, which may bring a drag into operation, and so prevent that extreme velocity which hurries a vehicle down hill to destruction. We recommend this plan strongly; it would be of immense service to the carriage of the Constitution, the horses of which are running away with it under the lash of a *Beggarly* coachman. There is only one plan to save it,—apply the Governor. N. B. The *Governor* may be found at *Windsor*.

"A rump and dozen" is a dinner for a dozen, and a bottle of wine each.

The Earl of Lichfield is Postmaster-General. Sir F. Freeling never was.

New Telegraph.—"*Raising the Wind.*"—The Stock Exchange gamblers have found out a plan by which a *wind-mill* helps to *raise the wind*. The prices of the funds at Paris are transmitted through the Southern departments to the Pyrenees by means of telegraphs, composed of common wind-mills. By these means the speculators contrived to *sack* the *flour* of the markets; and by well-timed *puffs* so to regulate the *sa (i) les*, as to bring considerable "*grist* to the mill." We recommend the *Chronicle* to adopt this method of making a French and Spanish *vol au vent.*

Good of having only One Coat.—A paragraph has appeared in some of the papers under this title. It tells us that a man who has only one can't have his second stolen. True—but there is another advantage according to Lord Palmerston, namely, that the having only one coat justifies the *turning* thereof in cases of emergency.

Mrs. Sharpe, the sister of Hackett, the American comedian, and the lady who made a successful debut at Drury Lane last season, is about to return to New York. As Ellen Tree leaves us at the expiration of her engagement at the Haymarket, we should think either of our managers would do well to engage Mrs. Sharpe as a substitute for that lady. Her Lady Macbeth was the best we had seen for many a long day. **London Age of 21st Aug.**

Not Degrading the Profession.—A story of the late Serjeant Davy, of the Western Circuit, is going the round of the papers. He had been called to account for having taken a *silver* fee instead of gold. "I took silver (argued the learned coif-wearer) because I could not get gold; but I took every sixpence the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that *degrading the profession.*" Now surely this story applies to another "Learned Gentleman" also in the west. He will take even copper from a starving peasant; he will leave him not even a farthing in the world. He, moreover, belongs to a profession—that of the Begging-letter Impostors, and verily he does not degrade it.

A pauper, who died last week at Brinstead, in the Isle of Wight, was found to have hoarded up no less than 700*l.* in hard cash, while professing to undergo all kinds of privations.

Dangerous Excursion.—The Odessa Journal of the 17th of June, contains the following:—"On the 12th of this month a young lady of Prack made an ærostatic ascension. The balloon was made of paper, and having arrived at a great height, burst. The intrepid æronaut fell with frightful rapidity, but by extraordinary good luck, was picked up not only alive, but without having received any serious injury.

An elopement took place on Monday morning from the vicinity of Egham. The parties are a military officer and a lady of Egham. The gallant officer, it appears, has been staying for some time in the neighborhood, and succeeded in carrying off the lady between two and three in the morning. The matter, it is said, is likely to become a subject for the gentlemen of the bar. The fugitives have proceeded to the Continent.

It is stated that bills have been obtained this Session for making 1100 miles of railroad. This is less than has been done by the Americans, who have railroads under contract, or in progress of being surveyed, to the amount of more than 3,000 miles.

LONDON TABLE TALK.

Married.—On the 8th inst., Charles Hope Maclean, Esq., of Ardgowar, Argyll, to Caroline Elizabeth Long:—

"I hate a dumpy woman," Byron cried,
  Although I think his taste was sometimes wrong,
He has Maclean at least upon his side;
  Who thus has proved he loved his lassie *Long*.

Lord Spencer is now in Liverpool, officiating as showman to the celebrated fat cow, weighing 1 ton 5 cwt. 2 qrs. 26lbs. His Lordship shrewdly remarks that, since he lost sight of the "Irish bull" in St. Stephen's, he never saw a "*greater beast.*"

Mike Scales's Last and Worst.—Why is the Thames Tunnel like a male pig? Solved by Brunel in a space of time consumed in the whisper of the said animal. Coz he is von dam great *bore*.

In 1800, a French prisoner at Liverpool exhibited a most extraordinary propensity to devour nauseous diet, particularly cats, of which in one year he ate one hundred and seventy-four, and many of them while alive. We recollect the man well. His name was Benjamin Spong; and after his liberation filled the office of cat-eater to the King of Spain. He has been known to finish one of the feline species with his hands tied behind his back. John Wilks swears he can shoot a cat with any man, but despairs of attaining the eminence of eating one.

Mr. Mullins, the Tail M. P. for Kerry, it is stated is constructing a locomotion carriage, to be propelled by galvanism instead of steam. Considering that the ingenious Mullins is a disciple of the *Agitator's*, to whom inded he owes his seat, we can account for his talent in anything pertaining to "*low-commotion.*" We recollect the day when the said Mullins used to be denominated the "*Ventryloquist.*"

At the Central Criminal Court the other day, a man was indicted for stealing a ham. The officer who apprehended him, stated that the prisoner said he had stolen the ham for the purpose of being prosecuted and transported, as he was *tired of living with his wife*. The jury found him guilty, but the Recorder said, under circumstances, the Court would inflict a lenient punishment, which was, that the prisoner be confined to one month and hard labor. Lord Holland cordially coincides with the Recorder's judgment; the explanation of the cause of the crime is in his Lordship's eyes a perfect defence. It is a pity, however, that though he has *stolen a ham*, he has not *saved his bacon*.

Married.—On the 16th inst., at St. Andrew's, Holborn, Edward Sawyer, Esq., to Marianne, daughter of the late Richard Crespin, Esq., Royston, Herts:—

What changes odd, both great and small,
  Make little words of priest and lawyer;
Here a young *Crispin*, *awl* in *awl*,
  Is turn'd into a *tip-top Sawyer*.

Why are pickpockets longer prigging a watch than a pocket-handkerchief?—Because they invariably *take time*.

What trade does a drowning man put you in mind of?—A *die-sinker*.

To what stick would you compare the Home Secretary in the hands of O'Connell?—A *supple Jack*.

The Emperor of Russia, the papers tell us, has sent an artist over here to learn the art of coining. He is respectfully referred to the Earl of *Mint*-O! for information,

So late as 1802 the King of Sweden engaged some British surgeons to serve in his ships of war. Their perplexity and mortification may be imagined on finding that they were expected to *shave* the whole of the ship's company, as a duty belonging to their station. In case they should ever be so circumstanced again, we beg to suggest the following, to be either "sung or said," as an impromptu, to each commander:—

"Pretty treatment indeed!—what shave every Swede
  In the fleet!" did each Medico rave.
"We'll be d—d if we do, and so tell to your crew—
  We had rather be *lather'd* than shave;
Sooner food for the sturgeons would be British Surgeons,
  Such duty we'd every one shirk;
So we say to each *beard* we will not be queer'd,
  And put to such *barbarous* work."

In describing the obsequies of the wealthy Israelite, Rothschild, the papers inform us that, "an extra number of watchmen, after the interment, will be placed at the grave for a length of time, to prevent the committal of any sacrilegious act towards the deceased." We suppose this is a hint to "our peoplesh" to keep their fingers off the fingerer of millions. A rumor is current that a large sum is bid for one of his ogles—in the hope that a "Jew's eye" would be worth a fortune.

Old Place, reading that a tailor of Dantzic was recently deprived of his license because he was a Jew, remarked, "it was an act of *shear* malice, and that he would *cut out* of a city where such un*suit*able *breeches* were made upon liberty, and where such little respect existed for *vest*ed rights."

Charley Pearson completely bothered Hobler the other day on the steps of the Mansion House, by propounding the following awful con:—"What part of Windsor Palace does a row in a station-house put you in mind of?" Hob blew his nose, and swore ignorance. "Why, the *Quad-wrangle* to be sure, giving Hob a dig in the ribs that made him roar like a bull in a pound.

Ingenious Way of "Doing" the Post-office.—Many are the devices made use of by friends living at a distance from one another, to communicate interesting scraps of intelligence without increasing postage. Newspapers marked, or written upon the covers with "invisible ink," is the general way in which it is done; but they are almost always detected, and charged accordingly. A very ingenious way was devised the other day by some person writing to a friend in Dublin; he directed the newspaper to "William *Shawl-safe Got-letter* Humby, Esq.:" which, as it might or might not be a name, could not be charged.

An *Ewes-ful* Statute!—At the late Assizes for Cambridgeshire, two men were tried for *sheep*-stealing, and were acquitted, because what they stole were *hoggets*—*i. e.* two year old *ewes*, and hoggets are not mentioned in the statute! A most *ewes*-ful discovery for the prisoners; but we cannot conceive how it is that such ridiculous quibbles are allowed to be available. Are two year old ewes *sheep*, or not? If they are not sheep, what are they? When sheep-stealing was punished by death, a prisoner in the North of England accused of it, was found guilty of manslaughter, by a jury wishing to save his life. Here the reason was obvious, though absurd; but in the case above mentioned, the success of the quibble is a disgrace to the law.

On Monday last was rung, at Aston, near Birmingham, by the St. Martin's Company, assisted by two members of the London Cumberland Youths, a true peal of Grandsire Caters, in three hours twenty-five minutes, consisting of 5,093 changes.

A Burglar *Popt off!*—A gentleman of the "North Countrie" lately capsized a robber with a bottle of soda-water! He heard the fellow breaking into the house, and having no weapons he seized the opportunity, watched his man's head, got his bottle close to his face, cut the string, and popt the burglar off! We recommend this story to the consideration of one of the Members for *Cork*. Count Lobau dispersed a riotous mob in Paris by means of fire-engines, with which he deluged them. Our northern friend beats the Count, for he *schwept* his enemy away with a single bottle. The *Sapeurs Pompiers* yield to soda-water.

Reform Club—Profitable Speculation.—The extraordinary amplitude of blue sacking in which those singular vermin called Po-lice are now seen to crawl about our streets, to the great amusement of every lounger, covers a *tale* which any of the good-natured creatures can unfold. "Why Jack—O lawk—where are you?" cried one of the female admirers of these glow-worms, when she met him on duty by the brazen figure recently erected in Pall Mall, of which we were just discussing the beauties. "D—n me if I know," answered anti-Mercury, piqued, and in alarm, lest his dear Poll, should really despair of ever again discovering his whereabouts; "but they tells me as its a very great *Snip* not 50 yards behint that brass horse's tail, what sends our Inspector this here hell-wide toggery; en as he's turned Pat-riot to that new Reform Club there, what hangs out behint the Trav'lers, he's got the length of all their foots, en to suit em cheap, he contracts these here *inexpressibles*, en cetera, when our Inspector sends em back to the fit o' their flunkies, turns em up wid *yollo*, en calls em liveries. Aint that sharp practice o' Mr. Snip en his customers, eh?"

The following enviable entry occurs in John Evelyn's diary:—"1683, June 19. This day I paid all my debts to a farthing. Oh! blessed day!"

Good Allowance—"Privilege of the *Commons.*"—A costermonger, one Thomas Flynn, (not him of the National Theatre, New York), was brought before Mr. Rawlinson for "volloping a donkey." "I licked him," said Thomas, "to keep him honest."—Mr. Rawlinson: "I suppose the animal was half-starved, and glad to snap at anything."—Thomas: "Quite different from that: I allows her three hay-bands a day, and the *privilege of the Commons.*"—If so, the donkey was not so badly off: we know a few asses who thrive uncommonly on the same allowances! Thomas Flynn must make himself known in Palace yard. **London Age.**

Comparisons are Vociferous!—Comparisons used to be termed by Dogbery, as "odorous;"—according to the illustration afforded by a scene before the Middlesex Magistrates, they are *vociferous*. A person was indicted for keeping up a nuisance in High street, St. Giles's, which peaceable and classic region was disturbed by his showman whistling and hallooing, "Valk up, valk up!" much *louderer* than usual. One of the witnesses stated, that there was a man employed who had most extraordinary lungs; his voice could be heard at the Pantheon in Oxford-street! To this astounding assertion the witness immediately added with much modesty, "I speak comparatively."

Mr. Price—I think you speak superlatively.

Mr. Prendergast—No; hyperbolically.

Chairman—He speaks positively, and that's confirmatory.

The witness then said the noise was most horrible, shrill, harsh, and grating.

Mr. Price—Are you describing the creaking of the gates of hell? Have you ever read Dante's Inferno"

Witness—No, I never was there.

Poor fellow!—he had never been in the *House of Commons*.

BORDER GAMES.

The St. Ronan's Border Club, for the encouragement of gymnastic exercises among the youth of the Scottish Border, held their Tenth Annual Meeting at Innerleithen on Thursday, the 4th instant. At an early hour the mist began to flit from the mountain tops, when the competitors for the various athletic exercises, from the Border Counties, were seen through the weather-gloom wending their way, with a quick and manly step, towards the field of St. Ronan's. At ten o'clock the muster of competitors was altogether beyond expectation, the day previous being one of the most unpropitious ever witnessed by the oldest person living in that neighborhood. Early on Tuesday morning a heavy fall of rain commenced, which continued without interruption for upwards of 24 hours, and in consequence the Tweed and its tributaries rose to a most unprecedented height, several bridges of considerable magnitude were carried off, and scarcely a stone left to point out the original site. None of the tributaries being that day fordable, not a few of the competitors were in consequence prevented from appearing on the field. When the day dawned on Thursday, the scene was at once terrible and grand, for even thus early the Tweed had overleaped its legitimate boundaries—rolling majestically from bank to brae, and receiving at every little distance fresh accessions from the waters, that recalled very vividly the poetic description,

"Each streamlet a river, each river a sea."

About eleven o'clock, Piper Angus, from Rannoch, struck up "The Gathering of the Borderers," when the crowd immediately assembled round the ring. After appointing the Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Lieut. General Ainslie, and Walter Lothian, Esq., of Hope Park, umpires of the games, the sports commenced with quoit playing, which was beautifully contested, and the prize ultimately gained by Mr. Thomas Anderson, Innerleithen, the holder of a number of medals won at St. Ronan's. The prize, for hop, step, and leap, was again carried off by Mr. Wm. Leyden, Denholm, who cleared 45 feet 6 inches, being 7 inches short of his last year's distance. At no previous competition did ever Mr. Leyden appear so much fitted for athletic exercises, and there is no doubt whatever, had it been necessary for him to have exerted himself, he could with much ease have added many inches to his distance. As this is the last year he is to be allowed to leap at the St. Ronan's games, and in all probability the last time we shall have the pleasure of noticing the extraordinary feats of this individual, it may not be unnecessary to state, for the information of the sporting world, that Mr. Leyden, at the Whitelee Games, leapt 46 feet 6 inches, and on Denholm-green, when leaping with his companions for amusement, he has frequently cleared 48 feet, which may be stated, without the fear of contradiction, the greatest distance ever leapt by any Scotsman. The second prize for hop, step, and leap, was gained by Mr. James Scongall, Innerleithen, against a host of competitors—distance 41 feet 5 inches. The prize for the high leap was also gained by Mr. Leyden, who cleared in beautiful style 5 feet 1 inch. The standing high leap was much admired, and, after a very arduous struggle, the prize was awarded to Mr. Alexander Michie, Hawick, who leapt in a style altogether peculiar to himself, 4 feet 1 inch. From this competition Mr. Leyden was excluded. The prize for putting a ball of 16 lbs. over a bar was gained by Mr. Andrew Douglas, Glenormiston, a young gymnast, against a host of competitors—distance thrown 34 ft. 6 inches. A hammer of 15 lbs. was thrown by Mr. Alexander Michie 86 feet 5 inches, which entitled him to the prize. The same hammer was thrown last year by his brother Robert 105 feet, which is the greatest distance ever thrown at any gymnastic club in Scotland. He may, therefore, with much propriety, be considered the champion hammer thrower of Scotland. Wrestling succeeded.—From the great number of fine looking men who enlisted themselves in this competition, all of whom were Borderers, much interest was excited during the contest, and after one of the best disputed fields ever witnessed on the plains of St. Ronan's, victory was declared in favor of Mr. Leyden. The prize for the second wrestle was carried off by Mr. Wm. Paisley, Peebles, and the third by Mr. Thomas Hislop, Traquair, both of which were well contested. The long and short race were both gained in beautiful style by Mr. Alexander Michie, Hawick, which entitled him to a very splendid silver medal. The sports of the day were concluded with a steeple-chace for a pair of ram's horns, beautifully mounted, with a splendid cup in the centre, the gift of Walter Lothian, Esq., of Hope Park. The competitors for this Prize were more numerous this year than at any former meeting, and, after a most desperate struggle, the prize was won by Mr. Wm. Glendinning, Ashkirk.

On the following morning the Bowmen of the Border assembled on the banks of the Tweed to compete for the Marchment Arrow, which was beautifully contested, and ultimately gained by Francis Thomson, Esq., Duddingstone, Lieutenant of the Albion Archers, who counted nine out of thirteen ends. The Medal given by the Ladies of St. Ronan's was next shot for [as a second prize, the winner of the arrow was allowed to compete for it], and gained, much to the satisfaction of the donors, who counted eight out of thirteen ends. Rifle shooting followed, and the sports concluded with universal satisfaction. It was unanimously agreed upon by the meeting that the St. Ronan's Games will in future be held on the last two lawful days of July.

The Wedding Day.—Boulogne, Aug. 9.—The Emerald steamer, yesterday, had on board a bride and bridegroom, of the middle class, though the lady was not more remarkable for the elegance of her dress than for her youth and beauty. They were married in the morning at St. Pancras Church, and arrived here late the same night at the —— Hotel. The bride being much fatigued retired to bed, but her loving groom, being tempted by some of his steamboat companions to taste some delicious champagne, became chained to his chair, and soon afterwards fell asleep. In the meantime a gentleman, with the appearance of a clergyman, who had been observed to press him to a copious supply of the intoxicating fluid, slipped away from the party, and found his way into the bride's room. The fraud was discovered some hours after he had left the room, and the real Simon Pure had taken his place, to the great agony of the bride, who called in the mistress of the house, and revealed to her all that had passed. The intruder having by a singular accident left a ring in the passage, by which a clue was obtained for fixing on him, has declared that no criminal intent can be attributed to him, as the bride did not make the least resistance. The husband is resolved not to treat it as a mere crim. con. matter, but as a felony, and has written to Dr. Lushington and to Sir John Campbell for their advice and instruction.

The Jockey Club, under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, has resolved to give a grand equestrian fete at Chantilly to the King of Naples, who is a great admirer of the horse, and has one of the finest studs in Europe. Every exertion is making to render this entertainment worthy of the occasion, in which the Royal Family, the Great Officers of State, and the higher circles of Society, foreign as well as French, concur. There will not only be horse-races but tournaments, with all the fanciful accompaniments of the middle ages, and a representation of the Hippodrome of Olympia or Byzantium. **Galignani's Messenger.**

Varieties.

A tailor lately replied to a gentleman who complained that his coat fitted badly, "I beg pardon, sir, but the coat *must* fit, for the measure's right, and we always cut on a jometry principle."

A Sensible Girl.—A preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been usually very plain. "Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you "Indeed," said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant, he curled it for me, but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

The travelling correspondent of one of our papers has just made a most astounding discovery, namely, that Sir Robert Peel and Mr. O'Connell *are unquestionably men of talents.* The itinerant in question will doubtless be classed by posterity among the bold and original thinkers of the nineteenth century.

A Texan.—I jocosely asked a ragged hunter, who was a smart, active young fellow, of the steam boat and alligator breed, whether he was a rhinoceros or a hyena, as he was so eager for a fight with the invaders. "Neither the one nor t'other, Colonel," says he, "but a whole menagerie in myself. I'm shaggy as a bear, wolfish about the head, active as a cougar, and can grin like a hyena, until the bark will curl off a gum log. There's a sprinkling of all sorts in me, from the lion down to the skunk; and before the war is over you'll pronounce me an entire Zoological Institute, or I miss a figure in my calculation. I promise to swallow Santa Anna whole, if you will only skewer back his ears, and grease his head a little."

Newspaporial Accommodations.—"Mister Printer! I've come to the conclusion to patronize and take your paper at ——"—"A very wise conclusion, sir"—"at least one quarter, jist to try it."—"Always happy to accommodate, sir"—"And if I like it--" "Oh! Yes, sir!"—"That is, if I don't like it"—"Either way, sir"—"I'll bring all the numbers back, when the quarter's up—gratis."—"Shan't we send for them, sir?"

Post Office Accommodations.—"Any letter for me to-day, sir?" "For you! no—oh!" thundered old Gruffasabear, the postmaster. "Tom!" says the P.M. to a bystander, as soon as the questioner had gone—"Tom! what the devil's that fellow's name?" "You fool! look on his letter and see."

Counter Accommodation.—"Mr. Yardstick, what you ax me for that quill?" "Two cents." "Whew! can't afford it." "Well!—seeing it's you I'll let you have it for one." "Seeing it's me!—why, did you ever see me afore." "No, but I sold a cent's worth of candy to a fellow that looked almighty like you, and he paid the cash down." "Swow—how you talk! well 'guess how I'll take this—charge it." **National Eagle.**

Great Squirrel Hunt in Vermont.—The St. Albans (Vt.) Journal of Sept. 1st says—At the count after a Squirrel Hunt in Swanton, a few days since, 3,111 squirrels of all kinds, gray, black, red and striped, were brought in by the two sides. Game of all kinds is abundant. A few mornings since a deer came dashing through our village in fine style, and after running the whole length of the street, pursued by "men, guns, dogs and boys," finally escaped to the woods clear of all harm.

The Cincinnati Mirror says that a man who was hanged lately in a neighboring State, for burglary and murder, confessed under the gallows, that his career of crime began *by stopping a newspaper without paying for it.* Upon this hint, we suspect its delinquent subscribers are expected to pay up.

The Baltimore Transcript has the following appeal to his fellow citizens by a candidate for the office of Sheriff:—

I take this way of announcing myself as a *candy*-date for the offis of Sheriff of Baltimore city and Kounty, at the next election, and ask the generous sufferings of my fellow citizens in my favor. To them folks wot don't know me, I would respectably state that I was born of susceptable parents in this kounty, and received a very bountiful education at a respectful free skule. I was brought up to true patriot political principles—that is to say, always stick to the strongest side—them's my sentiments. I hav'nt tended 'lections, ward meetings, and hustins for nothing—and if any feller wants to know how I lost my left eye and a peace of my rite ear, I'm the man wot can tell him—I lost them in defence of my illegal vote for a kounty representative, that came out for the *fence* party—that is, the kind o' betwixt and between system of pollytics; I never backs out from the polls—them's my sentiments.

I want to be honest and kandid with the public, so I'll flatly say I'm tee-totally opposed to the Condemnity Bill—I dont want the innersent to suffer for the gilty—them's my sentiments. I go tooth and nail for Refom in the Konstitution—Bawltimore should have a represention disproportionate to her populace—them's my sentiments! If I'm elected Sheriff by men of all pollytics, I mean to summons juries on a new principle of my own—all men of respectfulness and business shall be exempt, and them wot's got nothing to do and no karacters to lose, shall be pannelled, 'cause they want the pay. Them's my sentiments! I'll perform the hanging part myself—as marciful and as kindly as I can, and no kulprit shall have kause to complain of my wont of *dispatch*—no man of feelin' would keep a poor devil in misery—them's my sentiments! Hopin to skeer all the other candidates out of the field—I trust I shall receive annonymous support. Them's my sentiments. Phelego Potts.

Archery is quite in vogue at Philadelphia, if we may so infer from the celebrity given to the ninth anniversary of the "United Bowmen." We learn from the United States Gazette, that their anniversary took place on Wednesday, in the park on Turner's lane. At an early hour, vehicles of every size, from the little sulkey to the stately coach, were seen pressing towards the place of attraction. About five o'clock, Turner's lane, from the Lamb Tavern road, nearly to the Ridge road, was so crowded with carriages, that no entrance to that avenue could be obtained. The fields, yards and sheds in the vicinity were also crowded. The grounds lay between two delightful groves, and the lists were surrounded by thousands of all ranks and classes, the grave senator, the learned judge, the reverend divine, manhood, youth and beauty, all mingled in the interesting crowd, anxious to see or to be seen, to receive and to give animation.

The gentlemen of the association were dressed in their uniform of green caps and frock coats, trimmed with gold, and white pantaloons. They were divided into three sections, and their distance of shooting was about 75 yards. The tents were arranged with taste, and a fine band enlivened the rural fete with rich music, "under the greenwood tree." **Boston Transcript.**

The word awful is more a Scotticism than an Anglicism. Our Northern brothers talk of an awful hot day, or an awful long sermon. 'Awful *pause!*' said one of them during a lull in conversation at dinner. 'You think so, do you?' said the lady of the house; 'you'd have thought them worse if you had seen them before I washed them.' **New Monthly for June.**

Finn was very happy with his cons last eveninfi as Billy Black. Some of the new ones were very good. Here are a few that we remember.

Why are the Lynn shoemakers likely to go to old Nick? Because they don't want their *soles* to be saved.

Why is the Leader of the Orchestra the most fashionable man in town? Because he is not only leader of the *bows*, but attends to the *belles*.

Why are the Mayor and Aldermen bad citizens? Because they are not only *fence* men but *Common railers.*

Why is State-street like a carpenter's shop? Because there is some *plain dealings* with a quantity of *shavings.*

Why was my cat, when he murdered the tabby, like you?—[addressing Kilner]. Because he was *Tom Kilin her.*

Why ought all the chimneys in this town to be fined? Because no smoking is allowed in the streets.

If I should fall into a fit next Friday night, what kind of a fit would it be? A Bene*fit*. **Boston Transcript.**

A Very Simple but Very Efficacious Remedy.—A gentleman was coming to this city from New-York, some days ago, when he happened to get a spark from the locomotive engine into his eye. He tried various means to remove it, but all to no purpose; the spark remained in his eye, and gave him great pain.—Coming on board the steamboat at Burlington, such was the pain he suffered, that the accident became known to the passengers generally, and finally reached the ears of the engineer of the boat, who taking a horse hair with him went to the cabin and sought the sufferer. "Are you the gentleman," said he, "who has got a spark in your eye?" being answered in the affirmative, "well, I am the man that can take it out;" whereupon he simply formed a kind of loop of the horse hair by bending it round and bringing the two ends together, when raising the eye-lid and inserting the loop between it and the eyeball, and then letting the lid fall again, he drew the hair out, and with it the little cause of the great pain. The gentleman was immediately relieved. This is a very simple way of removing whatever may have got into the eye, and it will be well for everybody to remember it. **Philadelphia Herald.**

Finn and Gentleman George supping together a few evenings ago, were harassed by a fellow splitting wood under the window. "Too bad, too bad," said George, "that a gentleman can't nibble his olives without being annoyed by this *devil on two sticks.*" "Pooh, pooh," rejoined Finn, "we have had our woodcock, let him enjoy his *chop.*" **Post.**

Good!—Not long since a certain Col L———, of this city, more celebrated for his *gallantry* upon the carpet than for services in the field, being in England, was dining with several military gentlemen, some of whom were disposed to joke the American in regard to his military title and exploits.

"Well, Col. L———," said one of these civil military officers, "in what battle were you ever engaged?"

The Col. instantly replied, with great emphasis, "in the battle of New Orleans, sir."

The jester finding that he had met more than his match, drew off his forces at double quick time. **Boston Post.**

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1836.

THE RACES COMMENCE NEXT TUESDAY:

"Again the tocsin sounds!" The Third Fall meeting of the New York Jockey Club commences on Tuesday next, with every prospect of fine sport. Here is the Bill of Fare:—

1st Day, Tuesday, October 4th.

A Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1.	William Wynn,	names,	ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal
2.	I. S. Snedecor	"	produce of Turk's dam by Sir Lovell
3.	Samuel Laird	"	s. f. by Henry, dam Modesty
4.	Jno. C. Stevens	"	produce of Romp by Henry
5.	Ro. L. Stevens	"	produce of Lalla Rookh by Henry

Same day, a Match, two mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, between the ch. c. Coronet, by Henry out of Medoc's dam, and ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janett, full sister to Sir Charles.

2d Day, Wednesday.

Purse, $300, two mile heats.

3d Day, Thursday.

Purse, $500, three mile heats.

Same day, Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance 300, half forfeit. Ten Subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1.	J. H. Wilkes,	names,	b. c. by Henry, dam Ariel.
2.	S. O. Jacobs	"	s. c. out of Transport, by Henry.
3.	R. Tillotson	"	filly out of Polly Jones
4.	C. Green	"	Manhattan by Henry, dam Filho mare
5.	Wm. Wynn	"	ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Isabella.
6.	Jno. C. Stevens,	"	produce of Janette by Henry.
7.	T. Pearsall	"	full brother to Alice Grey.
8.	John C. Craig	"	c. by Eclipse, dam Betsey Archer
9.	Do.	"	produce of Arietta by Medley.
10.	Jacob Van Dyke	"	gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

4th Day, Friday.

Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats.

The match for $5,000, between *Fanti* and *Coronet*, on Tuesday, is likely to be a sporting affair. The ladies are already betting gloves and *bijouterie* on Fanti, and we trust to see a galaxy of bright eyes in attendance. Coronet was very fine the last time we heard from him, and will deserve a coronet of laurel, should he carry off the prize. The Sweepstakes, on this day, two mile heats, to which there are five subs, speaks for itself.

For the two and three mile days (Wednesday and Thursday), there are in training, Clara Howard, Tarquin, Monmouth, Flatterer, Cadmus, Tom Moore, Merrygold, and Dusty-foot, besides what Mr. Laird and Mr. Van Mater will bring over from Jersey. The Jersey Blues will "go their death" on these two stables.

Clara Howard and *Tarquin* are "bound to go in" for the three mile purse. The latter is in tip-top condition, and the beautiful Clara, thus far, has nobly "justified her training." If Van Leer brings her on the track in "right fix," and no mistake, we know who will lose a basket of Heidsick, if Mingo's time, 5:45—5:55, (when he beat Post Boy, Sidney, and St. Leger,) is not recorded at the finish of the race, whatever takes the money. There is a grand Sweepstakes on this day, with 10 subs., two mile heats, subscription $300, h. ft. Give us two, and we name the winner. "*on-sight, on-seen*," for the best hat St. John can turn out.

The entries for the Two mile day will be such as to afford capital chances for speculation. There will undoubtedly be a large field, and half a dozen of the entries are tried nags. The backers of these are very sanguine, and for the most part, they have manifested such a readiness to "put on the pot" against all comers, as to convince us of their determination to "go it with a perfect looseness!"

"What starts the Four mile day?" is in every body's mouth. Why, *Post Boy* and *Mingo!* "That's the time o' day, my tulip!" And then there's *Ajax*, who cut out work for the fast ones last June, at Trenton, beating a strong field in 3:49—3:48—3:51½, two mile heats, with 114 lbs. on his back. Snedecor says "he's fine as silk," and as for his owner, there's no back out in that breed; so that the way the pewter will be forked up will be a sin to Moses, to say nothing of the *Profits!*

Mingo and Post Boy *must* come together next Friday. Mingo showed his condition last week at Trenton, by distancing his only competitor; the run has improved him, and he is now up to the mark in every respect. Post Boy is said to be in better condition than when he ran against "the Methodist Preacher," from Alabama, last spring. His friends "hold steadfast to the faith," and will back him with their accustomed confidence.

If we do not greatly err in our estimate of the feeling entertained by both the Post Boy and Mingo party, this will be an immensely heavy betting race. Mingo's friends expect odds, and they will get odds. Indeed, Post Boy against the field, even, is the current price in various quarters. Post Boy has won money for great numbers of his backers, and that too, frequently, in pretty big *lumps*. They will not now desert him for having once failed them. Since his mishap, he has won two Jockey Club purses, beating some of the crack horses of the day. Some of his friends say, "If I lose on him now, I only lose what he has won for me; and if I win, it is by so much a clear gain," and without more ado they "pile it up." The Mingo clique are equally "sweet" upon *their* horse. They say "Mingo *has* beaten Post Boy, and he can do it again," and with this, out come their wallets and their "rolls of "the kimikles," and the "suet skins," Benton "mint drops," and "bits of tin," and you have only to say "Done, 10 to 8," and "Done!" it is, and *the swag* is laid out, cold as a wagon-tire, to any amount you —— please.

Since the last meeting, the track has been carefully graded, under the direction of Robt. L. Stevens, Esq. At the sharp turns, the earth has been removed from the edge of the track nearest the inside rails to the outside, so that in running around the semi-circles, the horse's weight is supported as much by his off legs as those on his near side. The hollow on the back stretch has also been filled up, and the gentle rise on the North bend levelled, so that better time, by a second at least, in a four mile *heat*, can be made now than could have been made last Spring with the same exertion. As the city is thronged with strangers, and the cool weather has driven home from the country most of our absentees, we shall be surprised if there is not a strong muster of the right sort at the races. In course, reader, *you'll* go?

A gentleman who takes a warm interest in everything pertaining to the interests and well-being of the Turf, and who attended the Trenton Races last week, writes us to the following effect:—

"We had some trouble here with a vagabond crew of "*thimble riggers*," but were bravely sustained by the "vox populi," and they were obliged to abandon the ground. This class of *varmints* should be *written* down as well as *knocked* down upon every respectable Course in the Union; and if you would devote a column to so commendable an end, you would "do the state some service." They have got to be a formidable body, and if permitted to carry on the war, will eventually drive all respectable persons from the scene by their depredations. They are a —— set of (excuse me for swearing) burglars and thieves, and when left to pursue their way, are bold enough to become highwaymen. If you will take the trouble to give a glance *en passant* at —— ——'s, at the next meeting on the Island, you may there see just such characters as would disgrace the vaults of Bellevue and Blackwell's Island. We are determined here to put them down, and a proper notice in your paper would effect the same at all other tracks."

☞ We shall have an eye upon these "*varmints*" next week at the Long Island races, if they congregate about the Course, and would remind the *Police* force in attendance, that the Club "expects every man to do his duty." The sports of the turf will not be countenanced and sustained by the respectable portion of the community if these scoundrels are tolerated at our race meetings, and it behoves every officer and member of the Club, and every well wisher to the turf to point them out to the proper officers, and to see that the laws for the suppression of their nefarious practices be vigorously enforced.

We have just been shown a very ingenious and useful invention, in the shape of a *Lock* for fastening mail bags, valises, trunks, &c. It combines essential advantages in an article of the kind, being more secure and convenient, (without much additional expense), than any thing now in use. At one turn of the key any number of bolts are passed through staples or clasps. We commend it to the public, and have no doubt the inventor, whom we are glad to find is a mechanic, will reap rich profits from his ingenuity. A specimen has been left at this office.

A WORD ON "NEWSPAPER REPORTS."

We have felt much inclined for some months past to whisper a word in the ear of the Editor of the *Turf Register*, at Baltimore, upon the manner in which he has at various times alluded to reports of races published in this paper. On the occasion of the St. Francisville (La.) Races, that Editor took especial pains to reflect upon us, and after publishing our account of those races, re-published a report by the Secretary of the Course. To this last we could have no objection; but he chose to accompany the latter report with some remarks reflecting severely, and as we think unjustly, upon our own Reporter. If the Editor will take time to compare the reports alluded to, he will find that in one or two instances, the time given in the two accounts differs by ONE SECOND!—the weights, distances, and other particulars *generally* agreeing exactly. To be sure, our correspondent may have erred in numbering the days, as first day, second, and so on. The regular races were preceded by a day's sport, made up of two matches, one of $500, mile heats, and one of $1000, four mile heats. These matches are not *officially* reported, but our correspondent thought them of sufficient interest to give them, and termed that day's sport "The First Day." This *may not* have been accurate, and of course led to corresponding error in numbering the succeeding days. Another, perhaps, positive error made by our Reporter was in transposing the days on which two of the great Jockey Club races came off! But these, we repeat, are the extent of his inaccuracies; in the great points of time, weight, distance, and pedigrees he having been exceedingly correct. To be sure our Reporter gives us a full and complete report of the match between *Arbaces* and *Prospero*, for $500 a side, mile heats—of that between *John Beasley* and *Ann Beasley*, for $1000 a side, four mile heats—and also of that between *Diana* and *Miss Finery*, for $1000 a side, two mile heats, neither of which are alluded to in the Turf Register though they came off during the week of the regular meeting of the Club. They surely make his report none the less accurate or uninteresting. Our Reporter also gives *Red Maria's* challenge to the world, to run a match, four mile heats, on the first Tuesday after the meeting, for $10,000, and to run the same day in a post stake, two mile heats, for $5000 or $10,000 a side, h. ft. He also announces several heavy matches made during the meeting,—particulars of the sales of many distinguished horses,—gives in full the officers of the club for 1836,—names the eminent turfmen present from other States, and to his report of each race adds succinct and sportsmanlike details of the running, state of the odds, etc. etc. These particulars do not, of course, belong to a mere Racing Calendar, but the Turf Register could easily have omitted them, as well as the remarks upon the races, and it would then have had a good report, every way worthy of its own calendar.

Were this an isolated case, we should not have remarked upon it. We think the readers of the three sporting publications of our country can have been at no loss to discover the usual source from which the Magazines have obtained, for a year past, the materials for their calendars, and, in *one* instance, the great body of the Magazine. We feel sure that credit will be given us for our exertions, severe and expensive as they are; nor do we object that others should avail themselves of our labors, upon giving us the usual credit;—but we are decidedly opposed to having our reports reflected upon, as "unofficial," "inaccurate," "newspaper reports," by the very publications which exist upon the materials we gather and pay for. It is notorious, that were the Spirit of the Times to suspend its publication for two months, there would be a deathlike meagreness in certain Racing Calendars.

We have been led to these remarks by the letters of our Reporter,—who is properly sensitive on the subject, and whose reports do great credit to his industry and care,—but still more by having noticed the annexed extract from Mr. Colden's Magazine. Mr. Colden, we presume, took his report of the first two days' races at Trenton last Spring from us; at any rate, they agree word for word. This was right, but Mr. C. witnessed the last race himself,—the great race between *Post Boy* and *Mingo*,—and in his next magazine gave a very spirited account of it, in his usual graphic and nervous vein. But he differed from us in certain points, involving very much the character of the horses,—or that of one of them, for speed and bottom. The Turf Register quoted this account, but in doing so, could not refrain from a few preliminary remarks, squinting at the "newspaper reports" again, when this was the *only* newspaper that had reported that race at any length. It was our opinion that Post Boy was improperly ridden in that race, and that Mingo came within an ace of winning the last heat by "a surprise" upon him, and that with a properly instructed rider he would have won it; not because Mingo was the better horse, but solely because Post Boy gave the greatest possible advantage to a *footy* horse like Mingo, by not going from the score at a killing pace. Mr. Colden thought at the time that Post Boy did go from the score and for a distance;—but in his last number, with great candour, he expresses a different opinion. We commend the following to the Editor of the Turf Register:—

POST BOY AND MINGO.

In our last number, 8, at the bottom of page 67, at the conclusion of our account of the race between Post Boy and Mingo, at the last Trenton (New Jersey) second spring meeting, in reference to the second heat, we made the following observation from what we understood on the spot. "Post Boy went off from score for a distance, in expectation of obtaining the whole money, the terms being, that the second horse should receive $300 out of the purse, unless distanced."

This was the prevailing report, at least it was so understood at the time by us, and by many gentlemen with whom we conversed, and we venture to assert, that it was so understood by the owner of Mingo. We have, however, since had it contradicted, and assurance given by a gentleman at that time interested in Post Boy, that it is erroneous, and so far, that *the rider of Post Boy had orders not to win by more than a length.* Having the highest opinion of the candor, and the fullest belief in the veracity of our last informant, it gives us great pleasure to take this, the first opportunity, of making this counter report, and correcting the mistake into which we were led.

U. S. Sporting Mag.

FROM OUR ARKANSAS CORRESPONDENT.

Batesville, Sept. 4th, 1836.

Dear Porter.—I have just heard that *Betsey Malone* has been withdrawn from the turf, her eyes having failed. James Kirkman's imp. mare *Eliza* has dropped a bay colt foal (without any white) by Emilius, which he has christened *Riddlesworth*. *Pickle*, (the property of James Jackson, Esq.,) imp. and full sister to Preserve, has dropped a sorrel filly foal by Teniers, which has been named *Mango*. Riddlesworth is open to run against any thing "come of mare," the Fall after he is 4 years old, for from $5000 to $20,000, 4 mile heats.

Angora has gone to Kentucky, and ere this reaches you, the contest between her and *Rodolph* will have been settled. The Alabamians and Tennesseeans are complaining that they cannot get their *pewter kivered*. If old Kentuck backs out, it will be the first time.

I was somewhat surprised at seeing Mr. Boardman's advertisement of the sale of his stock in the Spirit of the Times. He has manifested so much judgment in the purchase of his stock, and the rearing of *good uns* has become a matter of so much profit, that I did not think *money* could purchase of him. His five imported mares are well worth the attention of breeders, and with tolerable luck the purchaser would soon realise a handsome profit from them.

No paper by to-day's mail;—this I am becoming used to. What is going on in the great world?—Major Noah's paper came to day, and from it I learn Forrest has arrived in New York. That he has not been *spoiled abroad*, is fully denominated by the absence of *hair* from his *cheeks* and *lips*. I think a *hairy upper lip* about as disgusting a sight as a man can come across in a twelve month's travel. Forrest is a noble fellow, and has deported himself abroad as an American should do.

A Kentuckian stepped into an apothecary's shop, and was looking about—a wag determined to play a trick off on him, and for that purpose handed him a large jar of volatile salts, and told him to *smell*. The Kentuckian pushed his proboscis into it—the first scent of course floored him. He rose, however, and observed, "Mister, I have smelt all sorts of smells in my life, but damn me if ever I smelled such a smell before; and if ever you make me smell such another smell, I will make you *smell hell*."

Truly yours,

N.

P. S. Sept. 5th.—The "*latest slate of the odds*" (for our sweepstakes for 2 year olds):—

3 to 1 agst. Ella Wickham.
3 to 1 — Eliza Bedford (taken).
4 to 1 — Kate Longworth.

Even betting between Eloise Bullitt and Octavia Walton. Eliza Crozier is backed freely for the first heat. Anna Calhoun will, in all probability, pay forfeit.

N.

POSTSCRIPT.

Our special Reporter, now in Kentucky, writes us under date of the 22d ult. from Louisville, giving the result of *The Great Match Race* between Tennessee and Kentucky, which came off on the day previous. We give his letter without a word of comment, not having room left for another line of the Sporting Intelligence, with which we are supplied this morning (Friday), by a host of correspondents.

KENTUCKY ERECT!

Sept. 21, 1836.—Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. Match, Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side, half forfeit, Tennessee, *vs.* Kentucky.

Sidney Burbridge, Esq., of Kentucky, named
B. h. RODOLPH, by Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, 5 yrs, 118 lbs. 1
Gen. Robt. Desha, of Tennessee, named
Ch. m. ANGORA, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, 4 yrs, 97 lbs. *dis.*
Time—8:56.

Great expectation was raised as regarded the result of the above match. *Angora* had been the favorite for some time, and was supported by her friends nobly. It is a source of regret that they had not a nag of more bottom and speed to support the pretensions of Tennessee.

The magnates of the land, friend and foe, in the political arena, met on the turf in cordial friendship. Many a fair belle also gladdened the scene. The morning gave no promise of a fine day, though hopes were entertained that it would hold up; but about ten o'clock it commenced raining, and continued at intervals during the principal part of the day—the course muddy and full of breaks, filled with water. Some exceptions were taken by one of the parties, on account of the track having been ploughed up in certain parts, without consulting them, and an appeal was made to the Stockholders on the subject. The odds up to last night were two to one and five to three against *Rodolph*, and were freely taken. There were upwards of ten thousand people on the track.

Angora is a bright chesnut filly, 15 hands and an inch high, bred by Gen. Robt. Desha, of Gallatin, Tenn., out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet—sired by Leviathan, (imported),—4 years old.

Rodolph was bred by Chas. Buford, Esq., and sold by him to Messrs. Burbridge and Dickey. He is a red bay, about 15½ hands high—in high racing form. His head and ears are exceedingly fine, indicating great game—his whole structure evinces a rare combination of the two properties of the race horse, speed and bottom. He was considered by all to have too much flesh for the distance, four mile heats. Rodolph was got by Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, great grandam by Craig's Alfred, 5 years old.

The call to saddle was made about half-past twelve. Rodolph first made his appearance, rode by a *darkey*, in a purple jacket and cap, and paraded before the Judges' stand. Angora now came forward, mounted by *Anthony*, a yellow boy, in green jacket and cap. The bets before starting were even, and few takers.

Both being in readiness, the order was given to go, Rodolph having the track, Angora leading, the darky holding Rodolph behind under a strong pull; Angora came in first, running the first mile in 2:5.

They entered upon the second mile, Angora about two lengths ahead, Rodolph trailing. When going along the back stretch, Angora unaccountably *tired*, and Rodolph was compelled to take the lead, and came in under a strong pull. Second mile, 2:5.

In the third round, Rodolph led Angora by thirty feet;—the contest was now over, ten to one being offered that Angora would be distanced—Rodolph coming in easily. Time, 3d mile, 2:15. The race was now decided, but Rodolph still went on, Angora "*no where*." Along he went, without care or thought about the filly, and came in under a strong pull, the rider with his cap hanging by the string, Angora distanced. Time, this mile, 2:31.

Rodolph was not in the least distressed, and appeared anxious to have another competitor. Angora was in a terrible state; she could scarcely stand upon her legs. Rodolph was brought up to the post by Sidney Burbridge—Angora by Perry Williams.

Thus ended the race which, for the last few weeks, has excited so much interest in the sporting world—*won without* any contest. Immediately after the race, Mr. Carlin, of Alexandria, La., offered to run *Linnet* against the victor, 3 or 4 mile heats, over the Natchez (Miss.) course, for $10,000 to $30,000, which the owners of Rodolph declined. I have not the least doubt that they will take up the banter of *John Bascomb*.

The Judges were the Hon. Henry Clay and H. Daniels, Esqs. Timer, Mr. Prestbury.

Sporting Intelligence.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Cadmus is seriously amiss. There was an *on dit* in town on Tuesday that he had split his hoof. His high racing form, fine size, and action, added to the undoubted excellence of his stock, inspired his friends with a confidence in his powers, which his performances in his three-year-old form fully sustained. After a most brilliant race, he met with an accident which resulted in his being thrown out of training, and from that day to the present he has never been "himself again," though he beat Floranthe, Philip, Islander, and Speculation, last June, two mile heats, in 3:50, 3:47, 3:47—carrying 104 lbs. A year since, he was one of the most promising four-year-olds in the Union, and had he "run on," $12,000 would not have bought him to-day. However, he is in good hands, and may bring up his luck with a round turn, at no distant day. We shall look out for him at the Second meeting on the Union Course, and also for

Veto, in the same stable, who looks better than we ever saw him, though he is still complaining in his near fore leg. Veto is the only Gohanna horse on the Northern turf, that occurs to us at this moment, and he does credit to his sire. At the "soft places" he would be a Sea Serpent among the polly-wogs, or a Leviathan among water-wagtails.

Georgia is in the field, determined not to be out done by her sister States, in the introduction of choice thorough breds. Mr. John G. Winter, of Augusta, has done much for her breed of horses, and is doing more. In addition to *Hickory John*, *Lady Morgan*, and other good ones now on the turf, which he has carried from the North, we hear of him in England as the purchaser of some choice stock. His brother writes from Liverpool that he has there to ship, on the 28th Aug., direct to Charleston, two very fine fillies, purchased on his account at the sale of Mr. Ridsdale's stud, (for full report of which see Spirit of the Times of 17th Sept.) They are both yearlings; one is a bay filly, by *Tramp*, out of *Florestine*, by *Whisker*, and the other a brown filly, also by Tramp, out of *Miss Armstrong*, likewise by Whisker. The first was bought for 51 and the second for 90 guineas.

Tramp covered few but Mr. Ridsdale's mares during the last few years of his life, and the following list of winners of his get, and those of Whisker, the sire of the dams of Mr. Winter's fillies, may not be uninteresting:—

From 1821 to 1835, Tramp got 168 winners, who carried off 341 prizes.
" 1822 to 1825, Whisker got 163 " " " " 395 "

Two splendid Sweepstakes have been opened for the second Spring meeting, 1837, on the Union Course, L. I., to name and close 1st of Jan. next. The first is for colts and fillies, then *three* yrs. old, sub., $1000, ft., $250, mile heats, four or more to make a race. Four subs. already, and every nomination probably worth the winner's stake, if four or five start. The subscribers to this stake are Col. Wade Hampton, of S. C., and Messrs. John C. and Robt. L. Stevens, and Robt. Tillotson, Esquires, of New York.

The second Sweepstake is for colts and fillies, then *four* yrs. old, to come off during the same meeting. Two mile heats, sub., $1000, ft., $250—four or more to make a race; to close 1st of Jan. next. To this stake there are now two subscribers, Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and John C. Stevens, Esq., of New York.

We have no doubt this stake will fill up handsomely, notwithstanding the present nominations could not be bought for the cash capital in some of our specie paying "safety fund" banks. Here is a chance to win money, not only, but never dying fame. All we have to say is, that the horse which makes much off from the two first that will be named in this stake, need not be jealous of the reputation of a Trifle or a Henry.

TRENTON RACES.--EAGLE COURSE.

Last Day, Sept. 23.—Purse $300. Two mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) *Monmouth*, b. h. by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, 6 yrs. old, 121lbs 1 1
Charles Lloyd's *Lady Van Buren*, c. f. by Jackson, 4 yrs old, 101 lbs 3 2
Samuel Laird's (Gen. Irvine's) *Azalia*, b. m. by Mambrino, 5 yrs. old, 111lbs 2 3
D Tom's Chesnut Colt, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. old, 104lbs dist.
H. Woolley's *Sir Harry*, b. h. by Eclipse, 6 yrs. old, 121lbs. dist.

The first heat was won under a very strong pull by Monmouth, he having passed Azalia and Lady Van Buren on the last half mile, apparently without a struggle.

1st heat. Time, 1st mile, 1:50. 2d, 1:55. Total, 3:45.
2d heat. " " 1:53. 2d, 1:56. " 3:49.

These two successive heats are without parallel with regard to time, on this track. Monmouth has won new honors, and richly, most richly merits them.

The *Trotting Purse* of $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5, was contended for by *Dutchman* and *Beppo*, and so confident were the gentlemen interested, that an inside stake of $1000 had been made up the night previous. Dutchman was considerably the favorite before starting, and odds of 100 to 80 were offered and taken, but not freely. At the "go off," first heat, there was very little advantage to either horse; but Dutchman broke directly on rounding the first turn, and the "poney" made the most of his time by keeping the space he had gained. He came in about 60 yards ahead in 2:35. There was a great deal of money won on the first heat.

2d heat.—The "gallant bearing" of Beppo now inspired his backers with great confidence, and bets were made that he would take the next heat. And so he did, passing his antagonist in the first quarter, and leading him handsomely throughout. Time, 2:35.

3d heat.—Beppo was now the favorite at long odds, which the Dutchman's friends met cheerfully. The start was clever—Dutchman a little ahead, but not clear. On the first turn, Beppo "bounced up," and got 60 yards behind, but made his loss up, and on the straight side came up, lapp'd, and broke again, which lost him the heat by a length. Time, 2:33.

4th heat.—Dutchman's stock was now at an advance. They got a good send off together, and Beppo broke again at the first turn—and again up the space—showing *wonderful* speed; when he came alongside, he was restive, and again broke on the straight side. Time, 2:33.

5th heat.—Was re-acting over the 4th, with the same result, except in time, which was 2:44.

Mr. Wheelan's (Mr. Conklin's) b. g. *Dutchman*, aged 2 2 1 1 1
Mr. Young's (Mr. Valentine's) ch. g. *Beppo*, 6 yrs, 1 1 2 2 2

Time, 1st heat, 2:35—2d, 2:35—3d, 2:33—4th, 2:33—5th, 2:44. [This time is given by the Secretary of the course, and must be deemed "official."]

There was some complaint made on the fourth heat by the rider of Beppo, of unfairness, by his adversary spurring his horse at the first turn, and there were some circumstances which *seemed partly* to corroborate his statement, and the owner of Dutchman came forward, and in the most gentlemanly manner desired the judges to *distance* his horse if they were satisfied of the fact. It did not appear, however, to them that any thing had been intentionally done, and they decided accordingly. Perfect good feeling and satisfaction prevailed after the decision. The day was excessively warm, and Dutchman "rather high" for the thermometer. The performance is, therefore, considered unrivalled. Beppo stands higher now than ever, and his spirited owner is ready to "do it over again" when it may suit his opponent to meet him. Yours, L.

NEWPORT (Ky.) ASSOCIATION RACES.

First Day, Sept. 13, 1836. Mile heats—Purse $100.

1. J. Fawcett's (M. S. Wade's) b. f. *Buckeye Lass*, by Hephestion, dam by Old Whip, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 1 1
2. T. G. Moore's b. h. *Figuero*, by Lovell, d. by Oscar, 4 yrs. 100 lbs. 3 2
3. W. Thurston's b. h. *Pilgrim*, by Jessup's Doublehead, 4 years, 100 lbs. 3 dis.
4. G. Jones' b. h. *Metamora*, by Stockholder, dam by Janus, 3 yrs. 86 lbs. 4 dis.

Time—1st heat, 1:52; 2d heat, 1:55. Won with ease by the filly.

Second Day, Sept. 14. Two mile heats—Purse $200.

1. W. Thurston's g. g. *Mogul*, by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 1 1
2. J. Fawcett's (M. S. Wade's) b. h. *Duff Green*, by Bertrand, d. by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs. 2 2
3. T. G. Moore's g. f. *Whapsipynko*, by Sir Charles, dam Betsey Baker, 4 yrs. 97lbs. 3 3

Time—1st heat, 4:6; second heat, 4:12.

Mogul had the track; at the tap of the drum they went off, the grey filly taking the lead, Duff second, all of them under a pull. Duff soon came up and locked the filly, and they ran a distance neck and neck, when he was obliged to fall back. Mogul now made play, and giving Duff and the filly the go-by, came in ahead by several lengths. Track heavy, and 18 feet over a mile.

Second Heat.—Mogul was now the favorite three to one. He took the lead but soon fell back, making way for the filly who made some beautiful running, though obliged at last to give the lead to Duff, Mogul trailing behind. In coming home he brushed with Duff, headed him, and won this heat and race with ease.

Third Day, Sept. 15. Three mile heats—Purse $300.

1. W. Thurston's *Chesnut Maria*, (alias Fanny Wright), by Bertrand, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 1 1
2. J. Fawcett's (M. S. Wade's) br. m. *Caroline*, by Trumpator, dam by Director, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 2 dis.

Time—1st heat, 6:00; 2d heat, no time given.

Fanny was the favorite: [she was bought by Mr. W. Thurston from Mr. James Smith for 1,500 dollars], and after a fair start they went off, Fanny trailing under a strong pull; in the second round she took the lead, and was never headed, winning the heat by several lengths.

Second Heat.—The filly had the lead, which she kept, though pressed pretty hard by Caroline. In coming in the third round they encountered a *loose horse* in the track which the rider of Fanny avoided, but Caroline ran against him and threw her rider, Fanny walking in.

Fourth Day, Sept. 16. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

1. J. Fawcett's (M. S. Wade's) b. h. *Duff Green*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs. 2 2 1
2. Mr. Warrington's ch. h. *Bald Weazel*, by Little John, dam by Indian, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 1 1 dis.
3. T. G. Moore's g. c. by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs. 86 lbs. 3 3 dis.
4. Mr. Sinclair's b. c. *Rifle*, by Tariff, d. by Sir Hal, 3 yrs. 86 lbs. dis.

Time—1st heat, 1:55; 2d, 1:58; 3d, 2:00.

The following gentlemen compose the Officers of the Association for 1836: Jas. T. Berry, *President*; J. M. Caldwell and D. Orich, *Judges*; A. Pendleton, *Secretary*.

BELFIELD (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The races over this course commenced on Tuesday, the 13th ult. We have made up the annexed report from the Petersburg Am. Constellation.

First Day, Sept. 13, 1836. Sweepstakes for 3 yrs. old colts and fillies, 86 and 83lbs. $100 sub. 1 mile out.

G. Goodwyn's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archie 1
Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Virginian 2
H. Macklin's br. f. by Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal 3
O. P. Hare's br. c. by Fylde, dam by Sir Archie 4

Time, 1:57.

In the first attempt to start, Mr. Johnson's colt did not go; Mr. Macklin's ran ¼ mile, Messrs. Goodwyn and Hare's 3-4 of a mile before the boys could bring them back. At the second attempt they got off well together, and continued so throughout, making a very closely contested race.

Second Day. Sweepstake for 3 years old, mile heats, $100 sub. 86 and 83lbs.

G. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Tonson, dam by Sir Archie 1 1
H. Macklin's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archie 2 2
Wm. M. West's b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archie 3 dist.

Time, 1st heat, 1:57—2d, 2.

Third Day. Proprietor's Purse, $200, 2 mile heats. Ent., $15

G. Goodwyn's ch. h. *Pembroke*, 5 yrs. old, by Merlin, 110lbs 1 1
Wm. Moody's b. h. *Obscure*, by Tonson, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs 2 2

Time not reported.

TROTTING & RACING.—Several Reports have arrived just as we were going to press, that cannot appear until next week.

FREDERICK CITY (Md.) J. C. RACES.

The Frederick City Jockey Club held their Annual Fall Meeting on the 13th ult. and the succeeding days. The kindness of an attentive friend of the Spirit of the Times enables us to furnish the report subjoined. The course by exact admeasurement has been found to be 1314 yards round; but it would be impossible for a horse to run less than three-fourths of a mile, in consequence of the abrupt turns. There is but about 200 yards of straight track, and the whole is uneven and strong.

First Day, Sept. 13, 1836.—Purse $100. Two mile heats (or twice round) for 3 year old colts and fillies; 86 and 83 lbs.

James B. Kendall's ch. f. *Mary Granville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke 1 1
Jacob Powder's ch. c. *Oseola*, by Forrester 2 2
Daniel Kemp's *Annetta* dis.
James Wallin's *Rosaltha* dis.

Time—1st heat, 3:00; 2d heat, 3:5. Won with ease.

Second Day.—Purse $400. Four mile heats, (or times around).

Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidell*, by Industry, out of Arethusa, by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 107 lbs 1 1
L. Hoffman's ch. m. *Maid of the Neck*, by Md. Eclipse, dam by Windflower, 6 yrs. 115 lbs. 2 dr.
Jacob Powder's b. h. *Tyro*, by Forrester, 4 yrs. 100 lbs. 3 2
George Grant's b. m. *Hill Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Bedford, 4 ys. 97 lbs. 4 dis.

Time—1st heat, 6:00: 2d, 6:5; *Mem.* Course short of a mile.

Third Day.—Purse $150. Three mile heats (or times around).

Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Velox*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, 4 ys. 1 1
Mr. Green's b. h. *Pidler*, aged, 124 lbs. 3 2
L. Hoffman's br. h. *Bagdad*, by Bagdad, aged, 124 lbs. 2 dr.
Martin Potter's b. m. *Ellen Tree*, by Imp. Apparition 4 bolt.

Time—1st heat, 3:55; 2d heat, 4:15.

The time given is that reported by the Judges in each race. The weather during the races was exceedingly warm and oppressive. We hope fervently, that some stable except their own may carry off the prizes at Frederick City, until the Proprietor makes his Course an exact mile. After that is done, we wish him and his immediate friends "all the success they merit."

BOTTETOURT (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The Annual Fall Meeting of this Club commenced on the Big Lick Course, on the 6th Sept., and the following report is furnished by the editor of the Lynchburg Democrat. We supply the weights and such other particulars as we can readily furnish.

First Day, Sept. 6, 1836. Sweepstakes for 3 yrs. olds, mile heats; 86 & 83 lbs.

J. H. Oliver's b. c. by Eclipse 2 1 1
H. Phelps' s. f. by Leviathan, dam by Bagdad 1 2 dr.
M. Price's b. c. by Lance, dam by Madison 3 dis.
J. S. Hurt's s. c. by Eclipse 4 dis.

Time—1st heat, 2:2; 2d heat, 1:59.

Second Day.—Proprietor's Purse, $150, 2 mile heats, ent. $20.

J. H. Oliver's b. h. *Volant*, by Eclipse, dam by Knowsley, 9 years, 124 lbs 1 1
H. Toncray's s. h. *Davy Crockett*, by White's Timoleon, dam by Americus, 6 yrs. 118 lbs 2 2
J. S. Hurt's g. m. *Columbia Taylor*, by Medley, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 107 lbs dis.

Columbia Taylor fell in running the 1st quarter mile.

Time—1st heat, 4:6; 2d heat, 4:2. Both days the track very heavy.

Second Race—Same Day.—A match race between John S. Hurt and M. Harvey, for $200, a single dash of a mile.

J. S. Hurt's b. f., 3 yrs. old, by Imported Valentine 1
M. Harvey's s. c., 4 yrs. old, by Janus 2

Time—2:3.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $400; 3 mile heats; ent. $20.

Wm. Terry's b. h. *Watkins Leigh*, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 5 yrs. 110 lbs 2 1
H. Toncray's ch. h. *Canteen*, 5 years old, by Hotspur 1 dis.
M. Harvey's g. h. *Arthur Taylor*, by imported Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs 3 dis.

The rider of Canteen rode foul in the second heat.

Time—1st heat, 6:2; second heat, 6:5.

NORFOLK (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The annual Fall Meeting of the Norfolk and Portsmouth Jockey Club, commenced on Garrison's Course, on Monday the 19th ult. By wading through a dozen letters, we are enabled to compile the annexed report.

First Day, Sept. 19, 1836. Sweepstakes.—Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., for 3 yrs. olds, 86 and 83 lbs.; closed with 5 subs.

James S. Garrison's b. f. *Virginia Fairfield*, by Timoleon, dam by Reputation 1 1
James B. Kendall's b. c. by Henry, dam by Eclipse 2 2

Time—1st heat, 3:55; 2d heat, 3:56.

The Silver Plate, valued at $500 was not run for: at least we find no mention of it in our letters.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300. Two mile heats; ent. $15.

Jas. S. Garrison's s. h. *Bremo*, by Industry, dam by Magic, 5 years, 110 lbs 1 1
Wm. R. Johnson's br. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Harry, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 2 2
Portlock & Watts' b. h. *John Randolph*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Reputation, 6 yrs. 118 lbs dr.

John Randolph split his hoof the last heat and was drawn.

Time—1st heat, 3:54: 2d heat, 3:51.

The Sweepstakes for colts and fillies for this day did not fill, we suspect, as we hear nothing of it.

Third Day—Ladies' Purse, $400. Three mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. f. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Richmond, 4 yrs. 97 lbs 1 1
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Juliana*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 107 lbs 2 2

Time—1st heat, 5:55; 2d, 6:17. The 1st heat was a race from the score; the 2d, a waiting race, and won by a brush.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse, $700. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's bl. c. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Antony, 4 yrs. 100 lbs 1 1
Watts & Portlock's s. m. *Virginia Bell*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97 lbs. 2 2

Time not reported.

Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse, $100. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. f. by Tonson, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.
Mr. Gildersleeve's b. c., 4 yrs. 100 lbs.

No report of this race has reached us.

BOWLING GREEN, (Va.) J. C. RACES.

The Annual Fall meeting of the Wythe County Club commenced on Thursday, the 18th ult. From the Wythe Mountaineer we are enabled to make up the following report:—

First Day, Aug. 18, 1836.—Jockey Club Purse, $150, entrance, $15. Two mile heats.

Robert Kent's s h *Davy Crockett*, by White's Timoleon, 6 yrs old, 118 lbs 2 1
Haller and Crockett's b h *Michigan*, by old Timoleon, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 5 yrs, 110 lbs 1 dis

Time—1st heat, 4:2—2d heat, 4:17.

Michigan bolted, after running the first mile of the second heat.

After dinner, a plain saddle, valued at $25, was run for by

Mr. A. C. Moore's b. g 1
Mr. Samuel Crockett's b. h 2

Won by Mr. Moore's horse,—time not given.

Second Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $300, ent. $20. Three mile heats.

Robert Kent's s h *Canteen*, by Hotspur, 5 yrs, 110 lbs 2 1 1
Mathews' and Phelps' gr h *Jim Henry*, by Medley, 4 yrs, 110 lbs 1 2 dr.

Time—1st heat, 6:33; 2d heat, 6:46;—track heavy.

After dinner, a plain saddle, valued at $22, was run for by

Hanson and Mathews' ch h 1
Leonard Phelps' s h 2
Currin and Sexton's br m 3
Thos. Hiley's s h bolted.

Third Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $150, Mile heats, best three in five, ent. $15.

Mathews' and Phelps' br m *Lady Sullivan*, by Arab, 4 yrs, 110 lbs 2 1 1
Robert Kent's s h *Bowling Green*, by White's Timoleon, 6 yrs, 118 lbs 1 2 dr.

Time—1st heat, 1:55; 2d heat, 2:2. Track heavy but improving.

After dinner, a match race was run for $20, by

Mr. Crockett's ch g 1
Mr. Moore's b g 2

Time—2:7.

The owners of the horses not being satisfied, the same race was run, which resulted in the same way. Time—2:8.

In the evening, a plain saddle, valued at $22, was run for by

Mr. J. M. Crockett's br m 1
Mr. Halsey's ——— 2
Hanson and Mathews' s m 3
Jackson Carter's s h bolted.

H. S. MATHEWS, Secretary.

Really Mr. Mathews might have given us the names of the horses, and the weights carried, though we can supply both, and have supplied the latter. However, if he, as Secretary of the Course, thinks proper to dispense with the most important portion of his duties, that of making an accurate and sportsmanlike report, so be it. We shall not take the trouble to do it for him.

TROTTING DOWN EAST.

Some of the fastest cattle on our trotting turf were bred in Maine—a State that has turned out as many good roadsters within the last ten years as any other in the Union. *Black Bird*, who trotted his first match here in harness, in 2:55—2:55—2:54, beating *Master Burke* and *Richard III.*, after a week's training, was from Maine, as was also the famous Providence mare, *Yankee Sall*, who trotted 15½ miles over Jenk's Course, near that place, last year, in 48:43, carrying near 150 lbs., the course being fetlock deep.

A correspondent at Bangor has furnished us the following erudite and classical report of some recent matches near that thrifty and pleasant little city, which we make room for with pleasure:—

> "With that he gave his able horse the head,
> And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
> Against the panting sides of his poor jade
> Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
> He seem'd in running to devour the way,
> Staying no longer question."

On Monday, Sept. 19th, a trotting match came off on the Race Course at Eddington, Maine, (a town nearly opposite Bangor), between the "*Eddington Mare*" and the "*Troy Horse*." The Down Easters *deal* largely *in lumber*; and Penobscot County may be called the *lumbar region* of the *body* politic; but the "Troy Horse" was of real flesh and *blood*—not framed like him the Grecians built

"Sectaque intexunt abiete *costas*;

though it wouldn't *cost us* much to raise "instar montis egnum" of our hemlock, hackmatack or *horse*-chesnut. But away with *racy* digressions. The day was unusually sultry for this season of the year—the thermometer at 90—the dust overpowering; but for all that, some 2000 persons assembled on the field. The Course was a mile long; it was not circular, nor rhomboidal, but a level, hard section of the highway. At the signal off started the coursers. They ran one heat—mare no chance—"Troy Horse" beat with ease; both over 3 minutes; there was no second heat. By way of substitute, a regular built fight was got up between a half-blood Indian and a lumberman: some sport and a few hard knocks, and a vast deal of scratching, not to mention biting off a thumb, (half way I mean)—not so neat an amputation as Dr. Mott would make, but fair for *butter teeth*, decided in favor of the latter.

On Tuesday, 20th, the "Troy Horse" was backed against a racker. *Racker* came out ahead on the first heat. Time, 2:47; distance one mile. Second heat, Racker wrecked. Penobscot has many fine horses, though not trained for the course. They can pull foot on a long jaunt with the *jauntiest* studs of Hyde Park or Broadway.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't laugh at my "first lesson." I wish I could do better; cut and slash it as you feel inclined, but just leave enough of the old leaven for me to recognize it in your next paper.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM THE WEST.

Batesville, (*Arkansas*,) August 30, 1836.

Dear Porter,—Another ten days "out and gone" and yet no Spirit of the Times. If old friend Job had have lived in these times, I verily believe he would say, damn it. [Don't "*boil*" over at us, but hit Amos a lick. The way the Western Post-offices are in a snarl is curious.]

I have read the August No. of the Turf Register, containing a likeness of that splendid racer, *Glencoe*. He, with *Zinganee* and *Skylark*, will be valuable acquisitions to the breeder. I think the only equals of the two first now left in England are *Plenipo*, *Emilius*, *Priam*, and *Touchstone*. I do not believe as strongly in *The Colonel* as some do. [Put us down among the "some."]

It is astonishing what a stir our *course* has made in our little world here—nothing is talked of but horses. Of the nominations for the Sweepstakes, all but one are like to start, and there is still a hope she may be brought to the scratch. Below are the names of the nags, and if they are not *high-top-loftical*, set me to *piling chunks*:—

Loring enters s. f. Kate Longworth, by Volcano.
Caldwell " br. f. Ella Wickham by do.
Chapman " s. f Octavia Walton, by do.
McGuire " b. f. Anna Calhoun, by do.
Hynson " s. f. Eloise Bullitt, by Stratton.
Egner " s. f. Eliza Bedford, by "
Doolin " s. f. Eliza Crozier, by "

Now if this does not speak volumes for the taste and gallantry of these *wooden* parts, "split my thumb."

I started a X. for you, which if you get, you will be lucky. [We got it "*just as easy*," but have heard nothing of the $15.] Direct my papers "via Shawneetown, Illinois," for if not so directed, they come through the swamp—*prehaps* you don't know about this swamp. In wet spells it is necessary to have a fellow up to *diving*, or the thing is out. If Postmaster General Ex 4th Auditor Amos Kendall, Esquire, would allow as humble an individual as myself to suggest a plan for the preservation of the mails in wet times, I would advise *gum elastic bags*, which could be tied tight and put into the leather bags—

> Quack, said the goose—quack, said the gander,
> The owls in the woods, cried out "Alabama."

They do say the *Florentines* are forking it up on *Linnet* and *Angora* with a perfect looseness. If Watson had the handling of them, the whole of *Lauderdale* could be "sold to the Dutch."

Murder! Manslaughter! and Assault and Battery!

Some wild fellows met last week at a sulphur spring near here, and determined, after they were in for it, to levy a fine upon all that came; when a person refused to comply with their terms, he was tucked up to a stooping tree, and there kept until he agreed to go the *quart*. One fellow was *sorter* refractory—they tucked him up a button-hole higher—when snap went the string, and he fell so hard against the ground that he almost burst open. His dander was up, and he went forthwith to a *just-ass* of the peace, who granted him warrants against 3 for murder, 5 for manslaughter, and 7 for assault and battery. Truly yours, N.

P. S. The "6th of August" No. has just been received. The letters from abroad are a rich treat. The way the Hon. Mrs. Norton is used up is sinful. What will Norton do? Grease and slide out—or stand to his fodder like a Georgia major?

Quere. If a man cannot get a divorce, is he obliged to sleep with his wife? N.

Challenge to Pythias for $1,000 or $2,000!

Salem, *Botletourt*, Va., Sept. 16, 1836.

To the Editor of the New-York Spirit of the Times.

Dear Sir—I sent you for publication between the 15th and 20th of August, a challenge from MORRIS to PYTHIAS, four mile heats, for $1000 or $2000, which I have never seen noticed in your paper. You will please say in your next number why it was not noticed. Yours respectfully,

WILEY J. STRATTON.

The challenge was to run over the Washington Course, the Monday preceding the Fall Meeting W. J. S.

☞ *Answer.* For the best reason in the world—because it was never received.—*Ed.*

The Baltimore Transcript says, "The bounty on dogs in New York has induced a Yankee speculator to start with a drove from Montreal. He expects to clear $400 by the speculation."

ANECDOTES, SAYINGS, AND DOINGS,

BY NIMROD,

OF THE CRACK RIDERS OF ENGLAND,

and other Sportsmen.

I must just turn out of the road for one minute here. In most other countries, if a man wishes to anticipate his friend's performance for the day, the question he would ask would be—what horse do you ride? Not so, however, in Shropshire. There are two or three of my friends in that sporting and most hospitable county, to whom the most likely question whereby to elicit the truth would be—not, what horse do you ride to-day?—but, *what have you had to drink?* The fact is, the fences come very quick in Shropshire, and a little jumping powder is often found useful; so, going into the public-house at Nescliffe, by way of a beginning, I put the following question to the landlord: "How much brandy has Mr. Mytton had this morning?"—"None, Sir," was the reply. "I cannot swallow that," said I. "It is true, I assure you," said Boniface. "What else has he had, then?" I resumed. "*Some egged ale, Sir.*"—"Ah!" said I, "some of your Shropshire **Squires**, like many others, want a little *egging* on now and then."

The following anecdote will show what a poor chance some men have when quite sober against others a little primed. I remember Lord Forester, being on a visit at Wynnstay some years back, when a friend of his was very much badgered by a certain Welch squire—now no more—to run him a race over the country for one hundred guineas aside. Observing him always to decline the challenge, his Lordship thus addressed his friend:—"Why, B——, I have seen you ride very decently across Leicestershire; why don't you tackle this Welch Squire? The next time he offers it, take the bet, and I will stand half of it." B——, who was a cautious one, thus replied:—"Why if I could be sure he would come out sober, I would take his bet to-morrow; but d—n the fellow, he will come out half drunk, and beat me."

One other anecdote passed across my mind here, when speaking of asking a man the question of "*what* horse do you ride?" The facetious Mr. Edward Goulburn—now exercising his talent at the Bar—formerly hunted in Warwickshire; and seeing a Worcestershire Squire laughing violently, he went up to him and said, "Quid *rides?*" (what do you laugh at?) My friend, not much of a linguist, replied, "My Magog Horse."

I witnessed in this run what I never witnessed before, namely, three gentlemen riding at gates, and—without their horses falling—tumbling over their heads. The trio was composed of Mr. Byrne, a friend of Sir Edward Smythe's, but a native of the Sister Kingdom; Mr. Rock, a very thrusting young man; and Mr. Mytton! Mr. Byrne, I was told, was determined never to be so served again, as he went to a brook, and wetted the knees of his breeches, to enable him to stick to his saddle. I never heard of this experiment before; but, as far as I am a judge, there is only one other step to be taken with the breeches! I never hear of a man falling from his horse without thinking of Sir Bellingham Graham's definition of a loose seat. He calls it "a wash-ball seat"—the analogy (and a most happy one it is) being taken from a wash-ball slipping about in a basin.

The Vicar of Prees is what I call a good old fashioned clergyman. He is—as I hope all Rugby men are—quite above the vulgar associations of groans and tears with piety and devotion, and is not yet stricken with the new light. "Gravity," says Lord Shaftesbury, "is the essence of imposture;" and who would envy the character Cæsar gives of Cassius?

——"He loves no play,
As thou dost, Anthony: he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved at anything.

The Vicar of Prees is no humbug. He sings a hunting song to his parishioners, tells them a good story at his tythe feast, and gives them the best his house affords. His invitation to Sir Bellingham and myself for the next time the hounds came to the Twemlows was rather unique. "My claret," said he, "is of the finest vintage; and if you will drink enough of it, it will make your eyes look like boiled gooseberries."

The Vicar of Prees has a great mind to be a sportsman. Like the Abbot of old,—

"He gives not of the text a pullet hen,
That saith that hunters be not holy men,"

so he accompanied us the next morning to the covert's side; and could we have persuaded him to have left his *spencer* behind him, his appearance would have been far from amiss.

My greatest amusement was yet to come. The next morning before we went a hunting, I accompanied the Vicar to see his stud, and I will exhibit them to the reader as they were exhibited to me:—"*Here*," said the Vicar, "is the mare I am going to ride. *There* is the pony that beat all Sir Bellingham Graham's hunt—but mind ye, not with me upon him. *There* is the finest pair of coach horses in all England—*only* one has lost an eye, and the other is broken winded; and *there* is the colt that is to win the King's hundred." Now the *four-year-old colt, bred by himself*, which was to win the King's hundred, proved to be a *three-year-old filly;* and if ever she wins a Maiden Plate, I will engage to eat her, plate and all!

I had the pleasure on this day of seeing Mr. Henry Lyster's performance on his famous mare The Doe. The Doe is very small, but very strong, and was purchased from Mr. Mytton for eighty-five guineas—having carried his whipper-in. For the weight she can carry, I think she is not to be beaten, and Mr. Lyster was certainly first man on this day. Mr. Mytton and Mr. Rock went gallantly; but Sir Bellingham Graham surprised us all. He was on a horse always considered slow; but so determined was his rider to be with them, that, though he got a bad start, he soon got among the first flight. I could judge of his pace, being myself on a fast one; for though I got out of the covert not a hundred yards behind him, I never could catch him till I found him in a ditch at the end of the burst.

On the 10th, business called me home, and afterwards to the "little city." On Tuesday the 21st I started again for Shrewsbury, arrived at Mr. Mytton's by breakfast on the 2d, and found my horses all well. My groom told me it were well I was arrived, as he thought "the Squire would have been a top of some of 'em before another day was over."

It is necessary I should say something more of Sir Bellingham Graham's kennel, which generally contains from fifty to sixty couples of hunting hounds. His dog-pack comes under the denomination of a grand pack of hounds; in stature quite equal to Mr. Ward's though a lighter sort of hound. They are very close hunters, extremely patient, with a baffling scent, and their pace something approaching to awful. They are larger, however, by the admission of their owner, than is desirable in so close a country as Shropshire. The bitch-pack—*the Ladies* are Sir Bellingham's favorites, and in my humble opinion perfect. The dash of the fox hound is conspicuous here; and to see these bitches pushing to their game is to me one of the finest sights this world can afford. Their form is particularly elegant; and though they don't say so much about it as the dog-pack, they are not deficient in tongue. So fond is Sir Bellingham (always the case with fox-hunters) of "the Ladies," that I heard him say, if he hunted only three days a week, he would never take a dog hound into the field. With two such whippers-in behind them as Will Staples and Jack Wrigglesworth, and mounted as they are, Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds cannot fail of being handy; and their condition is powerful and even.

The Baronet told me a good anecdote of one of those Shropshire farmers. He was about as big as any two moderately sized men, and was sitting on his horse in a covert, whilst the hounds were running their fox very hard below him. "*Now they are physicking on him,*" said he to Sir Bellingham, as he rode by, his countenance sparkling with delight.

On the 25th Mr. Mytton turned out a brace of bagmen before his non-descript pack. I have before said, that a mere detailer of facts is only fit to give evidence on a trial, and therefore, I shall dilate as I go on.

On the evening before, as we were sitting over our wine, the butler announced that Mr. Tinkler, the stud groom, was in waiting. "Send him up," said Mr. Mytton, and Mr. Tinkler appeared.

Tinkler—What horses will be wanted to-morrow, Sir?

Mr. Mytton—All.

Tinkler—No, Sir, not all, surely!

Mr. Mytton—Every one.

Tinkler—Not the little grey horse, Sir! His back gets very narrow.

Mr. Mytton—So much the better. I hate a fat horse.

Tinkler—Not the brown horse you had from Sir Bellingham; his legs begin to get very round.

Mr. Mytton—That is the very reason why I will ride him, as it will make them fine.

Tinkler—Not the Hit-or-Miss mare; you will want her for the Cheshire.

Mr. Mytton—It will put her in wind.

Remonstrance was in vain. Every horse was saddled, and the Squire, his three whippers, with Tom Whitehouse, (his jockey), were all mounted on the best horses in the stud.

I cannot describe our arrival at the covert; I cannot speak of the hound that "spoke to him in the gorse;" I cannot even attempt to describe the crash when he broke from the covert; but—from the inside of a wicker basket with a lid to it, (oh! how tame, how languidly does my pen move over my paper as I write it!) away sneaked as fine a fox as ever wore a brush, and certainly afforded us a very fine run of an hour, when he fell a victim to the pack.

Of Mr. Mytton, as a rider, I need not say much, for he is as well known as the horse at Charingcross. Strength will be served; and few men make more of a hunter than he does over a strong and deep country. As a proof of this, his horses scarcely ever stop with him, though he is not particular as to his ground or pace; and as to fences, there are times when the larger they are the better he likes them. The time of the day, however, does not operate only upon him. My old friend, Sir Edward Smythe, is a much better man after luncheon than he is before; and I know no one who does more credit to a little jumping powder than he does. I have seen the time when I would back him to leap five-barred gates with any man in England.

I wish I could recollect a twentieth part of the smart repartees and witty sayings of Mr. Leech; but in the interval of time they are lost. One of his bottle companions of the sacerdotal order asked him to go to church and hear him preach. He afterwards wished to know what he thought of his sermon. "Why," replied Mr. Leech, "*I like you better in bottle than in wood.*"

Ned Bates is getting heavy; his voice is cracked—but, like Falstaff, *not with singing anthems*—and his day is gone by; and his second whipper-in is too young to be of much assistance to him, but that is a fault which may mend itself. He is well bred, being got by Old Ned, out of a neighboring dairy maid—by no means a bad cross.

Sir Richard Puleston is not only a highly-bred English gentleman, unsophisticated by foreign fopperies, but he is—what is of still more value—a sincere friend. As a companion Sir Richard possesses talent of the first order, and in colloquial wit is seldom excelled. A few of his *bon mots* are too good to be lost. He was once asked what he thought of the Law and the Prophets? "Why," answered Sir Richard, "I think *the Law pockets the Prophets* (*profits*) *most damnably!*"—Some years ago when Mendoza the boxer was in his glory, Sir Richard was one of a party where the bottle had circulated rather freely, and two Welch Squires were nodding in their chairs, with their heads so close that there was some danger of their coming into contact. "Remove those gentlemens' chairs a little," said one of their friends, "or they will fight in their sleep."—"*That would be Mendozing*," exclaimed the Baronet.—A brother sportsman once asked him (alluding to the form of a horse) what he thought of a *hollow back?* "I like a hollow (halloo) *forward* better," replied he.—Another brother sportsman, a master of fox-hounds, once told him he heard his harriers had been running one of his foxes. "Well," said Sir Richard, "you run *my game*, and why should not I run yours."—A gentleman in his neighborhood, whom he knew to be fond of his money, told him he must go to town in the spring, *for a polish.* "Go to Birmingham," said Sir Richard; "*they will do it cheaper for you there.*"—When speaking of a certain Lady who was in the habit of turning up her eyes towards Heaven one moment, and talking rather loosely the next, he observed, in the language of the stud, that "*she was got by the Whole Duty of Man, out of the Woman of Pleasure.*"

Of Mr. Musters as a rider little need be said. He has always been considered, not only a very elegant horseman, but capital over a country, and has the eye of a hawk. In his saddle he is fifteen stone; but he maintains that weight, with horses equal to it, is an advantage in Northamptonshire, and that no light man can go well over it. I know, indeed, that *the Tom Smith* has been heard to say, that he goes *over* Leicestershire, but *through* Northamptonshire—alluding to the strength of the fences.

Among the Northamptonshire riders, Vere Isham (brother to Sir Justinian) stands first, and with a good or bad horse under him he is *a very clever fellow.* He is not like the parson who could only preach out of his own book; or like many of our fine riders who can go well on fine horses; but Vere Isham—although a grandfather—can ride what others cannot ride; and if he hears of a horse that is to be sold because he will not make a hunter, he generally buys him—having got a receipt in his stable that will soon make him one. There is not a brook in Northamptonshire that he has not been at the bottom of, nor are there many that he will not ride at; but he is by no means one of the tumbling sort. His brother Harry is pretty good, but not in the same field with himself.

There is a gentleman, though not belonging to this county, yet who has hunted so much in it that he is qualified for a place among the Northamptonshire riders, and that place has always been a good one. I allude to that very superior and *most elegant* horseman, Mr. Davey. Of late years he has been getting slack, and has not been well horsed; but for a great many seasons no man went better, certainly none more neatly, over this rough country, than he did. His hand is exquisitely fine, and his seat quite perfect. A curious accident occurred to him some years since in the field. He was hunting with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds in Oxfordshire, when he rode at a fence near to a small cottage, and close to Swift's house, where Sir Thomas now resides. His horse fell with him, and Mr. Davey found himself fast, as if he were in a vice, and without knowing why. At last he perceived that the hinder legs of his horse had alighted on the mouth of an old well, the covering of which his weight had forced in. To make my story short—Mr. Davey had just time (and he did it with great difficulty) to get disengaged from his saddle before his horse fell back into the well and was drowned. His friend consoled him with saying it was *well done;* but that was but poor consolation for the loss of a good hunter, though, to be sure, he might have lost his own life. His situation was certainly a most alarming one, as one of his legs was confined between the side of his horse and the side of the well.

English Sporting Varieties.

THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE *Confidence.*—We have been favored with an inspection of the American Trotting Horse *Confidence*, which has just arrived in Town. He is said to possess most extraordinary speed, and differs from most of the celebrated trotting horse we have seen, inasmuch as he shews a deal of blood, with much strength. His color is a bright bay. He was purchased by the Count de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), expressly for his late Grace the Duke of Gordon, in consequence of whose death there is every probability of his shortly being offered for sale.

Bell's Life in London.

STATE OF THE ODDS--August 21.

Large sums of Money have been laid out upon the St. Leger in the course of the last eight or ten days, and several fluctuations have taken place in the odds. On Sunday ("think of that, Sir Andrew!"), Brother to St. Giles was in great force, as the 6 to 4 bets mentioned underneath will testify. On the following day, the Irish party took the odds about their nag with so much spirit, that at the close of the room he was quoted at the same price as Brother to St. Giles, and 1,000 betted even. Gladiator has been backed for small sums at 7 to 1, and in rather better favor than he was ten days ago, notwithstanding the eagerness with which the new favorite has been supported. Redshank is a shade lower, and the disposition to bet against him more decided than it was. Vulture and Trapball remain as before. On Monday, 9 to 1 was offered against each of them and Redshank in one bet, a suspicion being thereby created that one of the three was not quite up to the mark, but which, if either, did not transpire. Carew is "Coming," although as high as 20 to 1 was betted early on Monday afternoon; 15 to 1 was taken on Thursday, and offers to go on. Beeswing and the Matilda colt are on the "go," and 40 to 1 offered against Railroad and Demetrius jointly. Thursday's betting was flat, and would have been divested of all interest had it not restored Bro. to St. Giles and Wedge to the positions occupied by them previous to the movement on Monday. Whether Elis will go to the north is as great a mystery as ever, and it is not a little increased by the certainty that he will go to Egham to meet Hornsea for the King's Plate, and that a Noble Lord has several times offered to take 1,500 to 1,000, p. p., he wins; 1,200 to 200, not p. p. was taken about him for the St. Leger on Monday. The following is the latest average of the town and country prices, with a list of the horses in preparation, their trainers, and training ground:—

		TRAINED AT,	BY,
9 to 2 agst.	Bro. to St. Giles (taken)	Pigburn, near Doncaster	John Scott
7 to 1 —	Gladiator (taken)		
15 to 1 —	Carew (taken)		
	Snyders		
	Hampton		
5 to 1 —	Wedge (taken)	Middleham	John Smith
20 to 1 —	c by Langar—Matilda's d.		
15 to 1 —	Bee's-wing	Middleham	R. Johnson
33 to 1 —	Mr. St. Paul's colt		
30 to 1 —	Locomotive	Midleham	T. Dawson
30 to 1 —	Black Diamond		
9 to 1 —	Trapball	Aintree	J. Blenkhorn
9 to 1 —	Vulture	Newton	W. Clarke
50 to 1 —	The Bard	Hambleton	L. Hesseltine
10 to 1 —	Elis		John Dow
8 to 1 —	Redshank (taken)	Newmarket	C. Marson
	Demetrius	Stockbridge	Mr. Sadler
	Railroad	Northleach	Mr. J. Day
50 to 1 —	Ebberston	Ebberston	J. Stebbings
	c by Robin Hood—Lillah	Hednesford	T. Carr
	Master of the Rolls	Malton	J. White
	Miss Laura	Richmond	J. Gill

The following bets have been laid in the course of the week:—

600 to 400 on Brother to St. Giles agst. Gladiator	laid on the 14th
600 to 400 on Brother to St. Giles agst. Redshank	
600 to 400 on Brother to St. Giles agst. Wedge	
700 to 100 agst. Gladiator	
600 to 100 agst. Wedge	
300 even between Vulture and Trapball	
350 to 100 agst. Bro. to St. Giles and Carew (t)	laid on the 15th
1200 to 800 on Wedge agst. Gladiator (taken)	
1000 even between Brother to St. Giles and Wedge	
6 to 1 agst. Vulture and Bee's-wing	laid on the 18th
500 even between Trapball and Vulture	

THE DERBY.

15 to 1 agst. Defender | 15 to 1 agst. Phantasima (t)

Offers to take 18 to 1 about the colt out of Dervise's dam.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

The Twelfth of August! Are there four words in the English language that call up such a host of agreeable sensations? The fair one's whisper must be prodigiously sweet when she first articulates the consenting "Yes;" yet I have known youths, and men of mature years too, who appeared to be in much higher spirits while putting everything in order for the moors than when about to depart on their marriage jaunts. And I do not wonder at all at the circumstance. To see the sun rising from the ocean at half-past four in the morning—ourselves stationed on a high hill top—the congregated vapors curling and dispersing far below—measureless tracts of heather around, glistening with dew, and tipped with pencils of new-born light, more radiant than its own purple bells—to surprise the shrlll skylark at his matins, and the hare as she steals upon her early fare; why, these are enjoyments that would be poorly exchanged for slothful slumbers on the softest couch that ever derived its elasticity from down filched from the eider-duck's breast. Add to this the high gratification of having your cheek fanned by the first breeze that is chased into action by the morning's breath; the independence implied by the possession of manly and vigorous powers; the admirable docility and tactics of animals which bring their instincts to bear upon their masters' pleasures, and then, in place of enquiring *who would*, rather say, *who would not be a sportsman?* Topers, we are told drive at every debauch an additional nail into their coffins; but as every proposition has its converse, he who repairs annually to the moors must draw, at least, one nail out; and there is, moreover, some reason for believing that there are many who would sink under the winter's toils, but for the seasonable and needful repair which their constitutions undergo during the autumn.—As the viol-strings are slackened by the friction of the bow, so a strictly sedentary life impairs and unhinges the most elastic frame; but air and exercise are the pegs or knobs that screw us into *tune*—that restore the wonted harmony of the system, and give to all the springs that minister to health a higher tone and a freer play. And if these reasons fail to satisfy you, only think of the sportman's evening comforts, for then you see him in all his glory. He who never trod the moors knows nothing comparatively of the luxury of dining—not of picking like a bilious citizen, but of eating like a hale and healthy man. An individual, we shall say, who but a week before hung languidly over the breast of a chicken, now acquits himself so super-excellently as a trencher-man, that you would not give a pin's fee for the reversion of his interest in a heaped platter of beef-steak. While recounting with a friend the events of the day, he may perchance take a cup extra, but his slumbers are refreshing notwithstanding. The very depth and breadth of his respiration may convince you that he has acquired an accession of strength, and that you would find it rather difficult to awaken him, even if you were to employ the town-drummer to strike up a march under his ear.

But there are persons who tell us that the sports of the field are cruel and barbarous, and even indite homilies against them. Was ever objection so idly made or so easily answered? Barbarous and cruel! Is it cruel to poison rats and drown kittens—to prevent the land from being overrun by vermin? Is it cruel to prevent such an increase of pheasants and partridges as would leave little food for the use of man—the nobler animal undoubtedly of the three? Has the farmer, who tills and sows the ground, no better right to the crops it bears than the fowls of heaven, which neither do the one nor the other—which respect not even ecclesiastical rights? The wood-pigeons of America are welcome to breed in millions in the back settlements so long as the land is uncultivated and uncleared; but when the empire of civilization extends so far, they must give way to a nobler class of denizens. But it would be idle to enlarge on such a topic. Lord Byron understood matters better, and was doubtless imbued with the feelings of a sportsman, when he wrote the following animated lines:—

"Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men can leave the easy chair,
The long, long league, and toilsome steep to trace:
O! there is freshness in the mountain air,
And health, that bloated ease can never hope to share."

A SPORTING FRACAS.

BRIGHTON POLICE, SATURDAY.—Among the numerous cases arising out of the races heard before the magistrates this morning, was a charge of assault, preferred by Mr. James Witherby, a retired solicitor, residing at Newmarket, against Mr. Israel Alexander, the extensive horse-dealer and coach-proprietor. Mr. Witherby conducted his own case, and Mr. Alexander was defended by Mr. Abrahams, of Clifford's-inn. Mr. Witherby stated, that on Thursday afternoon, seeing Mr. Alexander drive his carriage into the yard of the New Ship, he went up to him, and as he was descending from the box, asked him for twenty-five pounds, which he had lost in a bet on the Brighton race course on Wednesday afternoon: Mr. Alexander replied that he should not pay it, and on his (Mr. Witherby's) rejoining perhaps he should make him, Mr. Alexander seized him by the collar, twisted him round, saying he would smother him in the water-tub, and seized a pail of dirty water to throw over him. As he (Mr. Witherby) attempted to avoid being soused, a friend of Mr. Alexander's ran between them, saying, "D—n his eyes, let *me* deal with him," and struck him (Mr. Witherby) with such violence on the face as to break the bridge of his nose, which bled profusely. Mr. Witherby added, he was stunned for a few moments, and on recovering, found Mr. Alexander and his friend had disappeared. For the defence, Mr. Abrahams called Mr. Israel Joseph, of 23 Foley-place, Portland-place, London, who stated, that upon Mr. Witherby demanding his bet, Mr. Alexander replied, "I shall not pay it, I have declared off, as you pay no one." Mr. Witherby rejoined, "If you don't pay, I'll take it out of you," and seized Mr. Alexander by the collar and shook him, when Mr. Alexander said, "If you don't let me go, I'll knock you down." Mr. Alexander's friend then desired Mr. Witherby to let go his hold, when Mr. Witherby struck at him, and the gentleman struck him in return. Witness neither saw nor heard anything about the water-tub or dirty water. Peter House corroborated this evidence. Mr. Witherby denied the truth of these assertions, and asked to be allowed to call the hostler of the stable-yard, but the magistrates refused doing this after defendant had closed his case. Mr. Witherby said he had sent for the servants at the New Inn, but was informed the hostler was gone out for the day, and the waiters said they were instructed to know nothing of the matter. Mr. Seymour said Mr. Witherby might have summoned his witnesses. He then stated the magistrates dismissed the complaint, as there were two witnesses as unimpeachable as the complainant himself against him; if they had committed perjury he might indict them.

THE RING.

ADAMS AND LANE.—The whole of the money for this fight, 50*l.* a side, has been made good, and the event is to come off on Tuesday next, half way between London and Birmingham, in the direction of Oxford. Both men are stated to be in excellent condition, and equally confident. It will be recollected that Lane conquered Swift; but in Adams he will have greater weight and length to compete with. Lane, however, has youth on his side; and if not a first-rate fighter, has lasting qualities, which it will require all Adams' tact to reduce, especially as compared with Lane he must be considered of the "staler" order. The betting is five to four both ways, the Brums and the Londoners being equally sweet on their man.

David Cameron is willing to fight James M'Ginty, a Glasgowegian sprig of shillelah, or John Montgomery, the young Kent-street Cock, for 25*l.* each a-side, not less than 30 miles from Glasgow; or he is open to fight any man in and around Glasgow, nay, even Scotland, weighing eleven stone and a half. The pony is ready to be posted at the White Horse, High-street, Glasgow.

DEATH OF ISAAC DOBELL.—Poor Dobell, who formerly kept the Bull's Head, in Smithfield, and who figured three times in the prize ring, twice with Bailey, and once with Big Browne, died at his house, The Talbot, in Gray's Inn Lane, on Friday morning, after a short illness. His house was respectably frequented, and he was much esteemed by his customers.

A rumour prevailed throughout the metropolis in the early part of the week that Tom Spring had "cut his stick." We had his own authority on Friday evening, at his harmonic meeting, which was crowded to excess, and at which he sung one of his favorite chaunts, for assuring his friends that he is "all alive and kicking."

Ned Neal's annual dinner is fixed for the 31st inst. On this occasion he will give his new "house warming," and a strong muster of his friends is expected.

Townsend attempted, but did not accomplish, the 100 miles in 24 hours.

Pearce, the game chicken, was never beaten. He fought and beat Bourke (who was beaten by Belcher) in a room in London; and again, on the 23 January, 1804, on Wimbledon Common.

TOWNSEND AND SMITH OF GREENWICH.—These men are matched to walk fifty miles, fair toe and heel, over one mile of a turnpike road, within 15 miles of London. The match is for 25*l.* aside, and is to come off on the morning of the 8th of September, between 7 and 8 o'clock.

On Monday last, the long-talked-of match between Mr. Sayce's chesnut gelding Ivanhoe, and Mr. Smith's chesnut horse Chocolate (the winner of the King's County Hunt Cup last April), came off over the Dunkerrin Course. The match was made some time since at a sporting dinner party, Mr. Sayce betting Mr. Smith £50 to £25; two miles, 13st. each. Immediately on the match having been made, Ivanhoe was removed to Shinrone, and placed under the able superintendance of Kelly, groome to Mr. Doolan, who did him ample justice. At starting, Ivanhoe (ridden by the celebrated John Doyle), took the lead, Chocolate (rode by Mr. George Smith, the well-known steeple chace rider) lying close at his quarters; the former maintained the lead for half a mile, when Mr. Smith made a rush, and got to the head, where he remained till two distances from home. Then Doyle's fine riding began to show, and the crack gentleman Jock became rather flurried by the amusing gestures of his adversary, who, from the commencement, knew well how easy it is for a jockey to beat an amateur when it comes to a battle, as he just hustled his horse, and put Ivanhoe's head in front in a most masterly manner. Mr. Smith, for a provincial beaten rider, rode tolerable, but was quite outgeneraled at the finish. To Mr. Rolleston, the owner of the course, the sportsmen of the King's County should feel particularly indebted for giving the use of his ground on every occasion to promote amusement.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The running match between Brooks, of Deptford—commonly called Mr. Bacon's man—and Barlow, of Sheffield, came off on Wednesday, on the road beyond Bromley. The distance was one mile, the Sheffield man giving the Deptford man 60 yards start, and staking 100*l*. to 80*l*. Both men are celebrated pedestrians, having won several matches, and their mutual fame led to the present trial. Brooks is 48 years of age, but Barlow is much younger, and on this account the advantage in the start was given. Brooks, also, was not in high favor, as he had been beaten in a mile race a short time back by a celebrated running footman on Blackheath. Both men underwent a severe training, and each was equally confident, although the Sheffield man, from his youth, was the favorite at 6 and 7 to 4. Mr. Bacon, who backed Brooks, had the choice of ground, and the backers of Barlow the choice of end to start at. The mile chosen was up hill both ways, being half a mile up and down, so that the end did not signify to either. Barlow, however, chose the most distant from Bromley. The crowd assembled to view the contest was immense, and the men, having been placed in their respective positions, the signal for start was given by discharging a pistol. Brooks got well off, but Barlow not so well, and it was calculated that the former got an advantage of nearly three yards in addition to his sixty. The pace was tremendous, and the first half mile, it was computed, was done by Brooks, including his 60 yards, in two minutes and six seconds. Until the hill was topped, the relative distance between the men was preserved. Barlow, however, then began to close, but, despite of his extraordinary exertions, Brooks came in first by about three yards, doing the mile, less sixty yards, in 4 minutes and 45 seconds. He was a good deal distressed, and it must be admitted that from the crowd which pressed round Barlow, and the dust with which he was enveloped, his speed was in some respects impeded. So much is this the opinion of his friends, that they have authorized us to state they are prepared to make the same match over again, on the same conditions, on any race course in England, and will meet at Tom Spring's on Thursday evening next for that purpose. Brown can be matched to run any man in England a mile from 5*l*. to 100*l*. and give him three years in age. His register will be produced to prove that he is 48.

THE SHOOTING SEASON.

After a young sportsman has become *au fait* at the pursuit of the partridge, the first trip he makes to the grouse mountains puts him out of conceit with his former diversion. In the use of the fowling-piece, grouse shooting is as superior to every other pursuit of which this extraordinary engine is susceptible, as fox-hunting is to a ring with a hare, a waddle with a stag, or a tedious paddle after an otter. It is not possible by written description, to imagine to the mind a correct or impressive idea of the scenery of the grouse mountains. The legal pursuit of that beautiful bird, the red grouse, commenced on the 12th inst.; but it is not till the 18th that the more noble game, the black cock, becomes a legitimate object for the sportsman. As the scenery of the Scottish Highlands is transcendantly superior to that which is presented on this side the Tweed, so the shooting on these sublime elevations may be regarded as equally superior also. Game is remarkably abundant in many parts of this rugged but highly interesting country, while the grouse are individually larger and finer than those bred upon the minor mountains and moors of England, owing, it would appear, to the greater extent and superior boldness of the heathery regions which it inhabits. The extensive moors of Nithsdale, as well as many other parts of the Lowlands of Scotland, contain abundance of red and black grouse. The Grampian Hills afford excellent diversion; while in the neighborhood of Loch Lomond abundance of the finest black cocks in the world are to be found, as well as plenty of red grouse. Ptarmigan (white grouse) on the upper parts of the gray mountains, while the scene is enlivened by the wild and stately stag, the beautiful and timid roe, and thus rendered more animatedly interesting. Perthshire and Inverness-shire are remarkably rugged, but afford excellent shooting; game is abundant in Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire; but beyond the Ord of Caithness the black cock is no longer to be found; the roe or the wild deer no longer animates the landscape. However, the moorlands of this county are well stocked with red grouse. The mode of visiting Scotland is rendered as eligible as possible by means of the various steamers; the sportsman may be thus conveyed, dogs and all, to Old Reikie, and thence by similar means to Cromarty, where he will be landed, as it were, in the middle of the Highlands. Though plenty of dogs are requisite for grouse shooting in general, yet, on our next visit to Scotland, we shall take two only—since, in many parts of the Highlands, game is so plentiful that sufficient may be procured in two or three hours to satisfy an ordinary inclination, having repeatedly left quarters about ten o'clock in the morning, bagged ten or twelve brace, and sat down to dinner about three. This is the very perfection of shooting.

Pigeon Shooting.—Messrs. Joseph Turner and Son are willing to accept the match proposed to them at Birmingham, by the crack London shots, or with any other gentlemen, provided it is made to come off during their stay in Town.—Messrs. Turner's terms are to shoot 100 pigeons for 100 Guineas, or 25 Guineas each, against any two in England; gun, 12 inches the bore. Messrs. Turner are to be found at the Thatched House Tavern, Red Lion-street, Holborn.

Grouse shooting commenced on Friday, and from all we have been able to learn from the moors in our vicinity, the birds have seldom been known to be so strong and numerous; they are, in fact, a bump crop, and the sport has, in consequence, been excellent, and such as fully compensated the sportsmen for the fatigue which they were subjected to by the great heat of the weather. The Duke of Roxburghe's party, on the Lammermuirs, bagged upwards of 50 brace, of which no fewer than 33 brace were brought down by his Grace himself. The sport has been equally good on the Cheviot Hills, where several sportsmen have been eminently successful; and in all quarters the season promises to be superior to last year.

Kelso Paper.

Wesley Richards' Guns have been doing wonders on the Moors; the returned of the killed and wounded at "The Bishops," in Bond-street, would fill four sheets of the London Gazette. We understand that several respectable tradesmen have resolved to make a subscription to reimburse Mr. Bishop, of Bond-street, for sacrificing his own private interest, with a view of exposing Horatio Claggett, who for so many years "did the trick" so extensively among the credulous. A few more exposures of this sort may induce many who are now running a-muck, to "hold hard," and look before they leap.

Five horses are entered for a plate, best of heats; A wins first heat, B wins the second, and in the third A and B run a dead heat. Are the remaining three horses entitled to run for the fourth heat, if not distanced?——No.

An Englishman, Mr. W——l, made a bet of 100f. with a fellow-countryman, Mr. T——t, that he would make the complete tour on foot of Brussels, where they both resided, in 45 minutes. The distance is 8,000 metres, or 8,750 yards. He accomplished this task on Friday week in 42 minutes, but was so exhausted that his life is in danger.

Peter Bostick, 65 years of age, weighing 9 score 8lbs., challenges any man in the world to run one mile, jump three rising jumps, and play at cribbage, 10*l*. each caper. He will give or take half a stone. His money or himself is always to be found at that well-known old Veteran's, Jack Lancaster, King's Arms, Lionel-street, Birmingham.

Sparrow-Shooting.—On Wednesday there was a strong muster of the lovers of the trigger, to witness the shooting at Mr. Swayne's, the Stag Inn, Wandsworth Road, for a handsome silver chased cup. Twenty-two contended for it;—the winners of public prizes standing at twenty-one yards, and the other gentlemen at eighteen. Mr. Strange was the winner, by killing all his birds; several other gentlemen killed eleven, standing at 18 yards, the same distance as the winner. After which the shooters, and many other gentlemen, sat down to dinner, provided by the worthy host, which gave general satisfaction. The hilarity of the evening was kept up till a late hour.

Cocking.—A main of cocks was fought on Tuesday, at the Stag and Hounds, Spittal, between Berks and Surrey, for 5*l*. a battle and 20*l*. the main. Surrey was successful, and won six battles out of nine. A chance turn-out afterwards was also won by Surrey. This is the second year that Surrey has pocketed the TIN.

To Bird Fanciers.—A Gentleman of Epsom will show a canary bird, bred in the county of Surrey, for 2*l*., against any other, for the same sum, if bred in the same county, for the finest plumage, &c. The bird to be seen at the Queen's Head, Epsom.

Canine Fancy.—Old Jack Stretch, having a desire once more to see Lunnun, will fight his dog Pilot for 50*l*. a-side, against William Lamb's dog, providing he will allow him 7*l*. for his expenses. If this will suit the backer of the Aldgate dog, a deposit will be immediately forwarded to town.

The race for 20*l*. a-side, one mile over Knutsford course, on Wednesday last, between Paulden, of Pendleton, and Worthington, alias "Shock," of Eccles, was won by the latter, who was the favorite. Paulden took the lead for three quarters of a mile, when Shock gave him the "go by" and won easily.

Bowling.—A Gentleman, who may be heard of at the Cross Keys Inn, Newark-on-Trent, is willing to play any person residing in Nottinghamshire, or Staffordshire, two games at Bowls, for 50*l*. a-side each game, of 21 up.

Quoits.—Two men of Nottinghamshire will play any other two men in the kingdom for 25*l*. or 50*l*. a-side, 16 yards, good clay ends, each party to choose the weight of his quoits. The "ready" will be posted any time at the Lord Nelson public house, Arnold, near Nottingham.

Sparrow Shooting—Red House, Battersea Fields.—The Proprietor, anxious to give his sporting friends an opportunity of displaying their skill, will give a handsome chased silver cup to be shot for, at twelve sparrows each, on Thursday next, 4th Aug.

No man ever ran an English mile in four minutes. It has been done in four minutes and a half by Metcalf.

Mr. Osbaldeston did his 200 miles in 8 h. 42 m., and had 27 horses.

Two of the principal coachmasters of Bristol have at this time upwards of 100 horses laid up with the prevailing influenza.

Stag Hunt.—On Monday a stag hunt took place at Killarney. Glena Bay was crowded with boats, filled with fashionables; among which was the barge of Henry A. Herbert, Esq., of Muckross, who was at the helm, and who was the founder of the day's amusement. After a hunt of about nine miles, the stag was taken at the edge of the water, and afterwards set free to wander amid his native mountains. A magnificent dejeune was prepared by Captain Thomas Herbert, R. N., at Dinnis's, for about 100 guests, and the evening passed in delightful harmony.

A Tit Bit.—A gentleman, recently returning in a boat over the river Trent from rabbit-shooting, shot a swallow, which had no sooner alighted on the water than it was seized by a hungry pike, who descended with it to his sub-aqueous dining-room.

A partridge has built its nest within a foot of the Thames and Bicester turnpike roadside, and is now sitting upon eight eggs. When first discovered, the nest was entirely exposed; a few dried thistles now afford protection against the weather and may possibly screen the brood from the interference of meddlers.

A surprising large thoroughbred Yorkshire horse was exhibited in the Star stables, Brighton, on the market-day. The horse stands nearly 20 hands high; but it was admitted by all who saw him that he was not well proportioned. He was got by Cleveland.

The celebrated greyhound ***Major***, the property of the Earl of Eglinton, died of inflammation, at his Lordship's kennel, a few days since, aged five years. Major was got by Star, out of the Duke of Gordon's kennel, out of an English bitch, whose breeding was unknown. In three seasons he won the greatest number of public stakes of any greyhound on record, and is supposed to have been the best ever bred in Scotland. He won twelve cups and stakes (besides matches), beating a hundred and eighty others, and was only entered for six stakes in his life that he did not prove successful in; a fact, when the uncertainty of coursing is considered, almost incredible. Of these, once he was unsighted, twice he was beat when running as a puppy against old dogs, twice by falls, and once by being seized with a giddiness when running. Major ended his brilliant career by winning, at the end of last season, three cups, seventy miles apart, in the course of a fortnight, and as he was entirely free from cunning, might still have added considerably to his laurels.

A match against time in harness came off on Wednesday last, on the turnpike-road from Norwich to Watton, a distance of sixteen miles, within the hour, by the noted racing pony Camilla, the property of Mr. B. Land, Griston, Norfolk. The pony was driven by the owner, and performed the distance in grand style, having six minutes to spare.

Mr. Thomas Yare, Veterinary Surgeon, has invented a very simple apparatus by way of telegraph, to prevent "false starts," a very important desideratum on all race courses.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare ***Design***, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, ***Delight***, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1836, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 182[illegible], got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1820, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by Pot8os—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 14th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensvile, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.

Huntsville, July 19, 1836. E. H. BOARDMAN.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged outside of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them.

J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarta	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	100
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine.		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage.

S. T. EDWARDS.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

Killinworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but: owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them - it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway.

feb 29

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases.

W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease.

CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols, Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

D. L. P. WRILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner.

a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
Alexandria, La.	Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15.
" "	Match, 3 m. h., $6,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16.
Baltimore, Md.	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, $6000 aside. *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Bean's Station, Ten.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Burkesville, Ky.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Boston, Ky.	Nelson Co., Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 6th Oct.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Columbus, Ga	Jockey Club, Western Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, Oct. 24.
Centreville, L. I.	*Trotting Course.* The grand sweepstakes, $500 sub. 1st week in Oct.
Coshocton, Ohio.	Annual Fall meeting, Lewisville Course, 3d Thursday, 20th Oct.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Florence, Ala	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Oct
Fairfield, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, 1st day, $5000 aside, 4 m. hts, *Admiral* vs. *Margaret Armistead*.
" "	Match, 2d day, $1000 aside, 2 m. hts. Ch. c. vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles.
Fulton, S. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Oct.
Gallatin, Ala.	Lowndes Co. Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
Hagerstown, Md.	Annual Fall meeting, of three days, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
Haymarket, Va.	Jockey Club Annual Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th Oct.
Jackson, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
Kendall Course, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
Louisville, Ky.	Association, Oakland Course, Second Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, Oct. 18.
Lexington, Ky.	Association Course, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
Memphis, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Tuesday, 1st Nov.
Mobile, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Nov.
New-York City.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Ann Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
Newmarket, Va.	Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn.,
" "	vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Orangeburg, S. C.	St. Mathew's Parish, Richardson Course, Fall meeting, 4th Wed Nov. 23.
Pendleton, S. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
St. Louis, Mo.	Jockey Club Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
" "	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
Tree Hill, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, Ann. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. On the 1st day, a
" "	Match, -- heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic*.
" "	Match, -- heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Oct. 8.
Washington, D. C.	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

RACES LAST MONTH.

The following race meetings came off last month, from which we have not heard. The Secretaries of Clubs, and our friends, who have kindly offered to forward reports, will oblige us by transmitting them through the mail at their earliest convenience.

Hartsville, Tenn.,	September	6,	Tappahannock, Va.,	Sept.	21,
Ridgeville, Md.,	"	6,	Diamond Grove, Ill.,	"	21,
Davison's Course, N.J.	"	6,	Charleston, Va,	"	26,
Culpepper C. H., Va.,	"	13,	Nashvillle, Tenn.,	"	27,
Gallatin, Tenn.,	"	13,	Broad Rock, Va.,	"	27,
Prince Edward, Va.,	"	13,	Leonardtown, Md.,	"	27,
Clarksville, Tenn.,	"	20,	Frankfort, Ky.,	"	28,
Moscow, Tenn.,	"	20,	Pittsburgh, Va.,	"	29,
Lynchburg, Va.,	"	20,	Batesville, Ark.,	"	29,
Bath, Ky.,	Sept.	29.			

There are few of the August meetings from which we have yet to hear from. Reports of several of those enumerated above, we may receive before this sheet is in the hands of our readers in the towns referred to. We have reports of seven or eight different meetings in to-day's paper, and our next will probably contain as many more. None but those who have, as they say, "gone through the mill," can form an idea of the perplexity, care and labor required to get a common newspaper report into "*ship-shape*."

The Chase.—The first meeting for the season, of the Montreal Hunt, took place yesterday at the Longueuil Horse Ferry Boat. The field on the occasion was small, but consisted of real good 'uns in their pinks. The scent rather dry, but the prospect of sport good. In about twenty minutes, found in a cover on the Chambly road; when Reynard (as large a one as ever had been run by any of the Hunt) started, and speeded his course in gallant style over a fine open country, towards Laprairie. The dogs generally did their duty well, and it was cheering to notice the exertions in particular, of Ranger, Ringwood, and others. Though other views were had, they kept steady to the scent. The leaps were, for the most part, well taken, and a few spills received in good humor. After a hard run of an hour and a half, the brush was taken by Lieutenant Weir, 32d. *Prince Charley*, the winner of the Hurdle Stakes of 1836, was in his glory, doing his work handsomely; and in old *York* nothing was wanting. The Hounds meet again on Saturday morning at nine, at the Princess Victoria, and will have a run beyond Laprairie. Montreal Gazette.

Tricks of Dishonest Dealers in Horses.—It is sometimes convenient for these gentlemen to make a horse appear older than he really is. If they can sell a three-year-old for a four-year-old, they save the price of nearly a year's keep; and the purchaser gets an animal too young to do much work. To enable them to do this, they forcibly draw the teeth that would naturally drop in the course of seven or eight months. Then, the horse teeth, no longer opposed by the colt teeth, quickly rise and fill their places. A person well acquainted with the teeth may sometimes detect this piece of cheatery, by comparing the developement of these forced teeth with the wear which the others have sustained: and sometimes the juvenile appearance of the animal will show that he is yet too young for work.—It has happened too, that the dealer has forgotten to draw the opposite teeth in the upper jaw; and a clumsy operator has wrenched out two teeth instead of one, on the same side. Either of these circumstances will show that some deception has been practised. Stewart's Advice to Purchasers of Horses.

An Editorial Quill.—The editor of "The Banner," a weekly paper, published at Unionville, Washington Co. N. Y., has the following paragraph in his hebdomadal of Tuesday last:—

"Our editorial matter this week, is written with a quill plucked from the wing of an eagle measuring six feet and a half from tip to tip of his wings. He was captured by Mr. Anthony McKallor, of Argyle, who wounded and disabled him as the noble bird was sailing through the air."

HOW DOES A SHIP RESEMBLE A WOMAN?

—Because man knows not the expense till he gets one.
Because they are useless without employment.
Because they look best when well rigged.
Because their value depends on their age.
Because they are upright when in stays.
Because they bring news from abroad.
Because they are often abandoned.
Because they are often painted.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES!
Over the Central Course, Baltimore, Md.

FALL MEETING, 1836, will commence as usual on the 3d Tuesday in October, (the 18th of the month), and continue four days.

First Day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, two mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250; four subscribers, and closed, viz.:

1. John Heth names full sister to Trifle.
2. J. M. Selden names ch c by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
3. R. F. Stockton names b c by Star, (formerly Richard of York.)
4. General Thomas Emory names ch f Lady Clifden, by Sussex.

Second Day.—For the Craig Plate, value $500, two mile heats; the winner to take the plate or $500 at his option; entrance money depending on the number of subscribers; entries to be made the evening previous.

Third Day.—Proprietor's Purse, $500, three mile heats; entrance $20.

Fourth Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats, entrance $50.

Same day, a Produce Stakes for three year old colts and fillies, two mile heats; entrance $500, half forfeit; 21 subscribers and closed, viz.:

1. William Coleman, produce of Maria and Sir Charles, half brother to Charles Kemble.
2. O. Jacobs, produce of Sally Smith and Medley.
3. Wm. Wynn, produce of Isabella and Sir Charles.
4. John C. Craig, produce of Coquette and Medley.
5. Thomas. B. Coleman, produce of Mary Robinson and Medley.
6. William H. Minge, produce of Eliza Adams and Timoleon.
7. John C. Stevens, produce of Janet and Henry.
8. Ham. Wilkes, produce of Henry and Betsy Richards.
9. Robert L. Stevens, produce of Meg Dods and Henry.
10. William R. Johnson, produce of Polly Hopkins and Sir Charles.
11. Henry A. Tayloe, produce of Lucy Gwynn and Timoleon.
12. R. F. Stockton, produce of Charlotte Pace and Medley.
13. C. S. W. Dorsey, produce of Tuckahoe mare and Sussex.
14. James J. Harrison, produce of Maid of Lodi and Eclipse.
15. R. Gilmor, Jr., produce of Sally Walker and Sir Charles.
16. William H Tayloe, prodnce of Miss Chance and Star.
17. J. S. Garrison, produce of Atalanta and Gohanna.
18. J. S. Garrison, produce of Eliza White and Eclipse.
19. D. H. Branch, produce of Herr Cline's dam and Sir Charles.
20. John M. Botts, produce of Mischief and Gohanna.
21. Bolling E. Graves, produce of Hephestion mare and Sir Charles.

o1-2t. JAMES M. SELDEN, Proprietor.

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Second Fall meeting will commence on Tuesday, 1st Nov. 1836, and continue four days.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th Oct.; horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by Proprietors $100, four or more to make a race.

Third Day.—A Purse of $1000, free for all ages, four mile heats.

Fourth Day.—A Purse of $500, free for all ages, three mile heats.

Same Day.—On this day will come off the splendid TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES of $500 each, $200 forfeit, three mile heats, under the saddle, which closed on the 2d day of the First Fall meeting with the five following named celebrated horses.

Joel Conklin's Dutchman, Peter Whelan's Steamboat,
J. Hazzard's Lady Warrington, G. S. Bartine's Norman Leslie,
D. Furman's Columbus.

Trenton, N. J. Sept. 26, 1836. [o1] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

ST. LOUIS FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Wednesday, the 12th day of October, 1836, and continue four days.

First Day.—Four mile heats and repeat—purse $400, entrance $50, to be added to the purse.

Second Day.—Three mile heats and repeat—purse $300, entrance $25, to be added to the second day's purse.

Third Day.—Two mile heats and repeat—purse $200, entrance $25, to be added to the 3d day's purse.

Fourth Day.—One mile and repeat—purse $100, entrance $15, to be added to the 4th day's purse.

The above purses are free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States. By order of H. WALTON, President.

BENJAMIN AMES, Secretary.
St. Louis, August 15, 1836. [o1.]

Sweepstakes for 1837--Union Course, L. I.

SWEEPSTAKES open over the Union Course, L. I, to name and close the 1st day of January next.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, mile heats, 2d Spring meeting, 1837, over the Union Course, with colts and fillies then three years old. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Four or more to make a race; to name and close 1st of Jan. next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton,
2. John C. Stevens,
3. Robert Tillotson,
4. Robert L. Stevens.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, 2d Spring meeting, 1837, two mile heats, with colts and fillies then 4 years old; entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Jan. next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton names
2. John C. Stevens names

New York, September, 1836. [o1]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE "Mobile Jockey Club Fall Races" will commence on Wednesday, the 16th day of November, and continue four days.

1st day—Jockey Club	Purse,	$1000,	four	mile heats.	
2d day—Citizens'	"	700,	three	"	
3d day—Jockey Club	"	500,	two	"	
4th day— " "	"	300,	one	"	best three in five.

The above purses will be hung at the stand each day, without discount, free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States. The rules of the Central Course, Baltimore, to govern.

OFFICERS OF THE MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB.

Col. GEORGE WALTON, President.
Maj. JOHN MAYRANT, 1st Vice President.
Dr. JAMES F. ROBERTS, 2d Vice President.
Gen. JOHN F. EVERITT, Corresponding Secretary.
THOMAS BATES, Recording Secretary.

Mobile, Ala., Aug. 27, 1836. s 17.

NEW YORK RACES, SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836.

FOR the Second Meeting, Fall, 1836, the following Sweepstakes have been made:—

Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1.	B. B. Seaman	names	Dusty-foot, by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
2.	R. F. Stockton	"	his colt Bergen.
3.	Also	"	his colt Cumberland.
4.	J. H. Vanmater	"	ch. c. African, by Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand.

Sweepstakes (for colts and fillies that never won a race—if five start, the second in the race to receive back stakes,) two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1.	Robt. L. Stevens	names	s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2.	Robt. Tillotson	"	ch. c. Coronet, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3.	I. S. Snedecor	"	Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon (Cadmus' dam).
4.	J. Bathgate	"	c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.
5.	Alex. L. Botts	"	ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity, (by Archy, out of Trifle's grandam.)
6.	John C. Stevens	"	s. c. Sirocco, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
7.	Also	"	ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janette.
8.	Thos. Pearsall	"	c. by Talma, out of Dove.
9.	Wm. Jones	"	ch. f. Fleet-foot, by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
10.	Jos. H. Vanmater	"	bl. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine. dam by Ratler.
11.	Jas. S. Garrison	"	b. c. Stockton, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Archy.

New York, Sept. 10, 1836.
ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

OVER THE WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C. Fall meeting, 1836, will commence on the second Tuesday (11th) in October next, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY.

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200, forfeit $50; 2 mile heats; 5 subs., and closed.

1. Thomas Emory names b c by Sussex, dam Corinna, by Ogle's Oscar.
2. Y. N. Oliver names b f Hortensie, by Sussex.
3. James B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
4. Francis Thompson names g c Isaac of York, by Sir Charles.
5. Wm. Grove names b f by Restless, dam by Sir Archy.

Second Race—Same day.—The Washington Plate, value $500; 2 mile heats; the winner to take the Plate or money at his option; sub. depending on the number of subscribers.

SECOND DAY.

A Poststake for 3 year old colts and fillies; 2 mile heats; sub. $500, forfeit $250; four or more to make a race. To close the 5th of October.

Second Race—Same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; 2 mile heats; confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland; sub. $100, forfeit $50; five subscribers, and closed.

1. George L. Stockett names b f Mary Seldon, by Sussex, dam the dam of Harriet Maynard.
2. M. D. Bowie names Charles Magic.
3. Philip Wallis names g f Molinert, by Medley, dam Algerena.
4. James M. Selden names f Miss Philips, by Sussex, out of Brunette.
5. T. R. S. Boyce names c by Sussex, out of Jessie, by Telegraph.

THIRD DAY.

Proprietors' Purse, $500; 3 mile heats; entrance $20.

Same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; sub. $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race. To name and close the evening of first day's race.

FOURTH DAY.

National Jockey Club Purse, One Thousand Dollars; four mile heats; entrance $30.

For the above Purses and Sweepstakes an unusual number of horses will be here, affording better racing than at any previous meeting. The course will be in good order. Stables and litter gratis.

Washington, D. C. Sept. 12.
Y. N. OLIVER, } Proprietors.
JAMES S. GARRISON, }

KENDALL COURSE RACES.

FALL MEETING, 1836.—The Races over this Course will take place on Monday, Oct. 24. it being the 4th Monday, and continue six days.

The first will commence with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, two mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit; to which there are three subscribers, and closed, to wit:

1. Col. John Heath names b. f. Miss Carmichael, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred.
2. Jas. S. Garrison names c f Virginia Fairfield, by Timolian, dam by Virginian.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr old colts and fillies, one mile out, $50 entrance, $25 forfeit; to carry a feather; name and close the Jockey Club day, at the Central Races.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY.

First Race, a Silver Plate, valued at $300, two mile heats, the entrance money depending on the number of entries; the winner to take plate or money.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs old, that never won a Race, one mile heats, $100 entrance. $50 forfeit; five entries and closed:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden names b f Miss Phillips, by Sussex, dam Brunett.
2. Col. John Heath names b c Archer, by Sir Charles, dam by Lady Bollingbrook.
3. Gen. Thos. Emory names g f by John Richards, dam called Fanny Wright.
4. Also c c James C. Tilghman, by John Richards, dam by Tuckyhoe,
5. Jas. B. Kendall names c f Mary Granvill, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $400, three mile heats, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $700, four mile heats, entrance $30.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY.

First Race, a Purse of $200, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia, two mile heats, entrance $15.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia two mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; 4 subscribers and closed, viz:

1. Y. N. Oliver has not named.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names g c Frederick, by Byron, dam Alicroker.
3. James S. Garrison names c c Charles Majie, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Majie.
4. James B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

SIXTH DAY—SATURDAY.

A Trotting Race, a match for $500, two mile heats, in harness, between Mr. James Dull's b g Jack Downing, and Mr. Harry Richards' ch g Defiance.

Second Race, same day.—A Purse of $100 to be run for, one mile; the best three in five; free for all; entrance $10.

☞ The above Purses will be *paid in cash, without discount.* The Course has been improved since the last meeting, and is now in excellent order, as is also the Training Track. Ample provision has been made for the accommodation of horses visiting the course. Good Stables to accommodate sixty horses, free of charge, are in readiness. Feed of every description will be provided to accommodate those that may want. In presenting the above Bill of Fare, the Proprietor hopes it will give general satisfaction to the liberal Sportsman.

Baltimore, September, 1836 [s 24] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

TO SPORTSMEN AND BREEDERS.

BLOOD HORSES FOR SALE.—Will be sold at the Horse Bazaar, 31 Crosby-street, at Public Auction, on Monday, 3d Oct., at 12 o'clock, M., the following stock:

No. 1. Bay Mare by Henry, out of the dam of Cadmus, she by that well known running Horse Florizel, who was by old Diomed, her dam by Oscar, grand-dam by Hero—g g d by imported Gabriel—g g g d by Chatham—g g g g d by imported Slim—g g g g g d by Old Figure—g g g g g g d by Dove—g g g g g g g d by Othello. Vide Turf Register, Vol. I.

No. 2. Sorrel Mare, 3 years old, by Moscow, out of No. 1. Moscow by Eclipse; his dam by Florizel. Vide Turf Register, Vol. I.

No. 3. Gray Mare, by Winter Arabian, dam by Young Baronet, grand-dam by Young Dæmon; g g dam by Gray Alfred; Young Baronet by imported Baronet. his dam by Othello, grand-dam by imported Figure, great grand-dam by Delancy's imported Wildair, who was re-shipped to England. Young Dæmon by imported Dæmon, who was by Dormouse, a son of Godolphin Arabian, his dam by imported Fearnought, out of a Janus Mare. Gray Alfred was by Lindsay's Arabian.

No. 4. Brown Bay Horse, very beautiful, foaled in 1832, by Col. Wm. R. Johnson's celebrated running horse Trumpeter, out of No. 3. Trumpeter by Sir Solomon, by imported Tucklebury, out of Hickory mare; her dam the imported mare Trumpetta, by Trumpator.

No. 5. Bay Mare, four years old, by Old Eclipse.

No. 6. Brown Bay Filly, by Hickory, dam by Young Duroc.

s 24. STIMPSON & COWAN, 31 Crosby-st.

CLEOPATRA.

JUST returned from the South.—Mr. Le Bert has the honor to inform the patrons of the Fine Arts, that the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, has arrived in this city, and is now exhibited at 175 Broadway.

Hours of exhibition from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

This splendid piece of sculpture is an original modern production of unsurpassed merit in all its parts. In beauty of proportion, contour, anatomical accuracy, expression, attitude, and high finish, it is a work which stands unrivalled in the wide catalogue of modern productions. s 24.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.
Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

James Jackson & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.
Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tueseay in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.
June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

FULL BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following mares of the best native and imported blood; in consequence of being overstocked, he will sell them at reasonable prices. Should they not be sold previous to the first Fall meeting at the Union Course, they will be offered at the next public sale day, at Tattersall's, succeeding the above meeting.

1. Sorrel Mare, 12 years old, got by the Bussorah Arabian, dam the old Flynn mare, by imported *Baronet*, *Captain* (full bred son of imported Lath), *Bold Briton*, Jolly Sportsman (also by Lath, out of an imported mare), &c. This mare has two crosses of the justly celebrated horse Lath.
2. Sorrel mare, 4 years old, by *Am. Eclipse*, out of No. 1.
3. Sorrel mare, 3 years old, by imported *Barefoot*, out of No. 1.

Richmond, Staten Island, Sept. 10, 1836. BILLOPP B. SEAMAN.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to acy gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to

a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.
Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed npon him since his commencement in bnsiness, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
july 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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For One Year's Subscription, in advance.	$5 00
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For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	50
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For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	37½

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EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.